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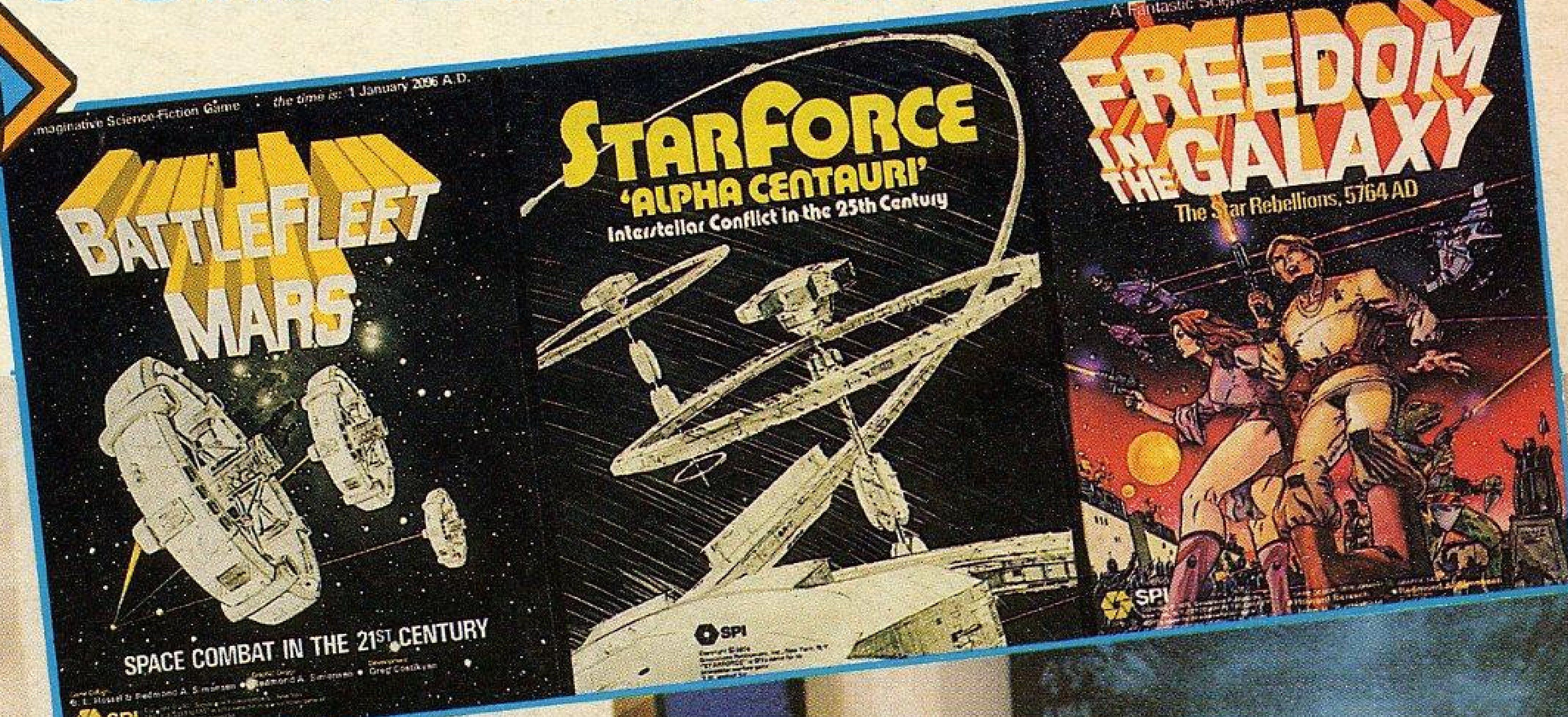
DOCTOR WHO WEEKLY

60 FANTASTIC SCI-FI GAMES TO BE WON IN OUR GREAT COMPETITION!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INSIDE- THE MOVELLANS AND THE DALEKS!

PLUS

COMIC STRIPS
FEATURES
STORIES AND MORE!

DON'T MISS OUR FABULOUS UNIT CLUB PAGE... INSIDE!

DOCTOR WHO WEEKLY

NUMBER 28

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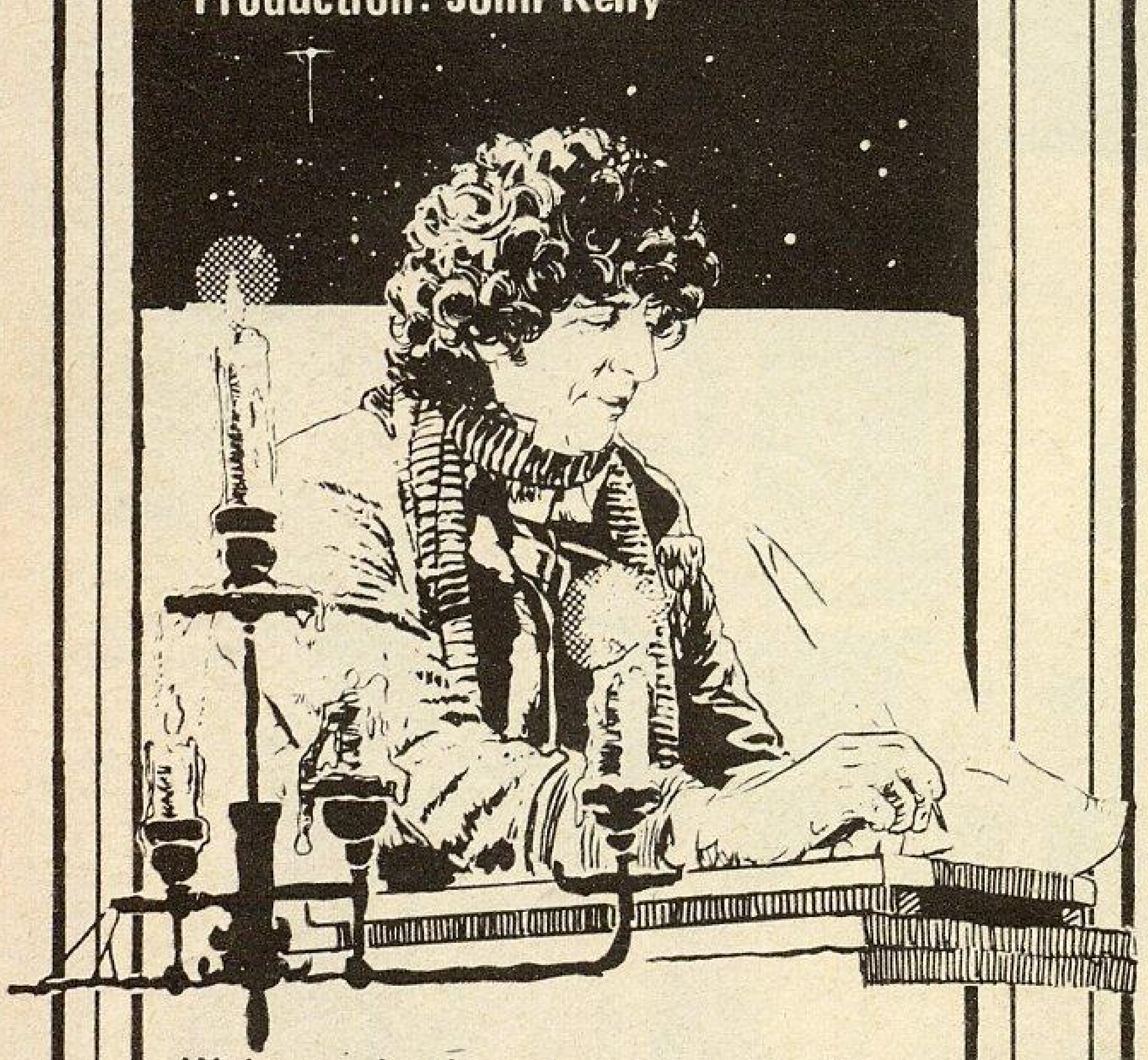

Welcome back to another splendid issue of fact, fun and adventure! You'll soon see how busy we've been this week. While I was fighting the hordes of devil spawned Werelok warriors, old Abslom Daak, that well-known Dalek killer and space adventurer, was getting himself into all sorts of trouble.

And if that's not enough excitement for you, why not enter our competition and perhaps win one of the 60 fantastic sci-fi war games!

Also this week we have an exciting feature on the Movellans, those savage robotic creatures who dared to wage war on the Daleks! Quite an interesting read . . .

Well my little chums, don't let me keep you one more moment from all the thrills, danger and excitement that awaits you!

Happy times and places,

The Doctor

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NO-ONE IS SAFE FROM THE WERELOK WARRIORS . . . EVEN THOSE DEEP IN SPACE . . .

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ALLOWING ABSLOM DAAK TO LAND ON DRACONIA BRINGS BIG TROUBLE TO A DRACONIAN PRINCE!

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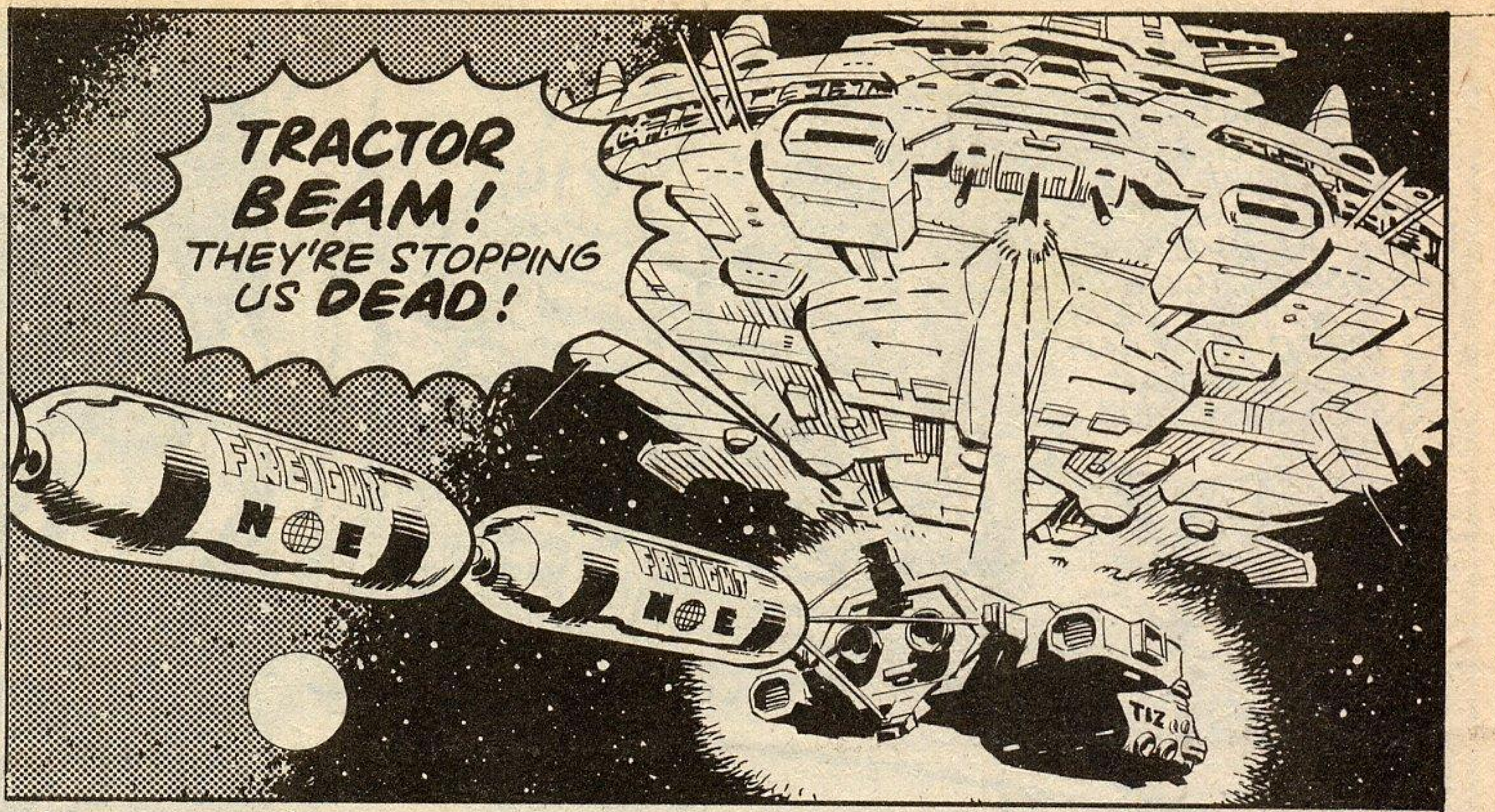
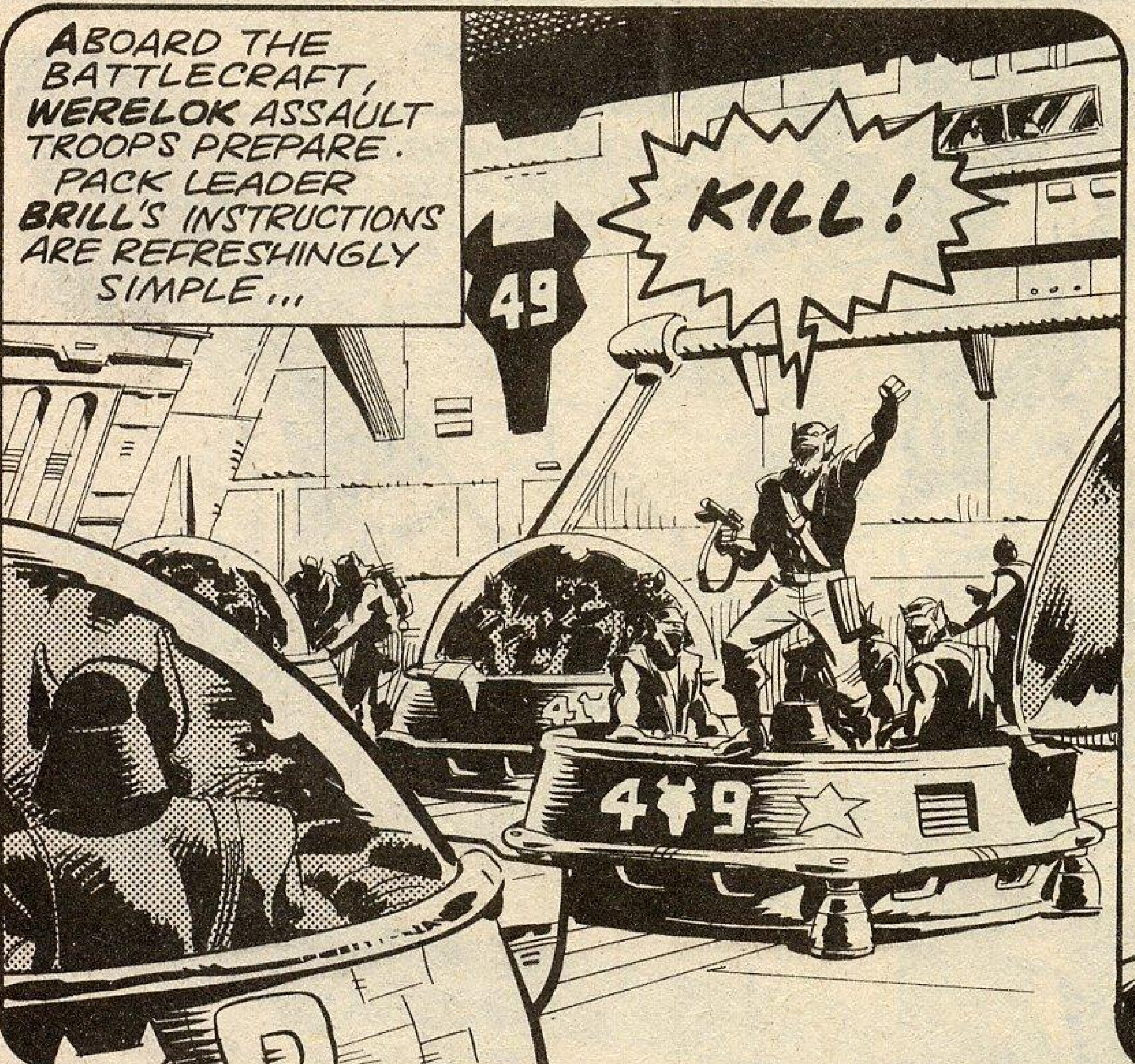
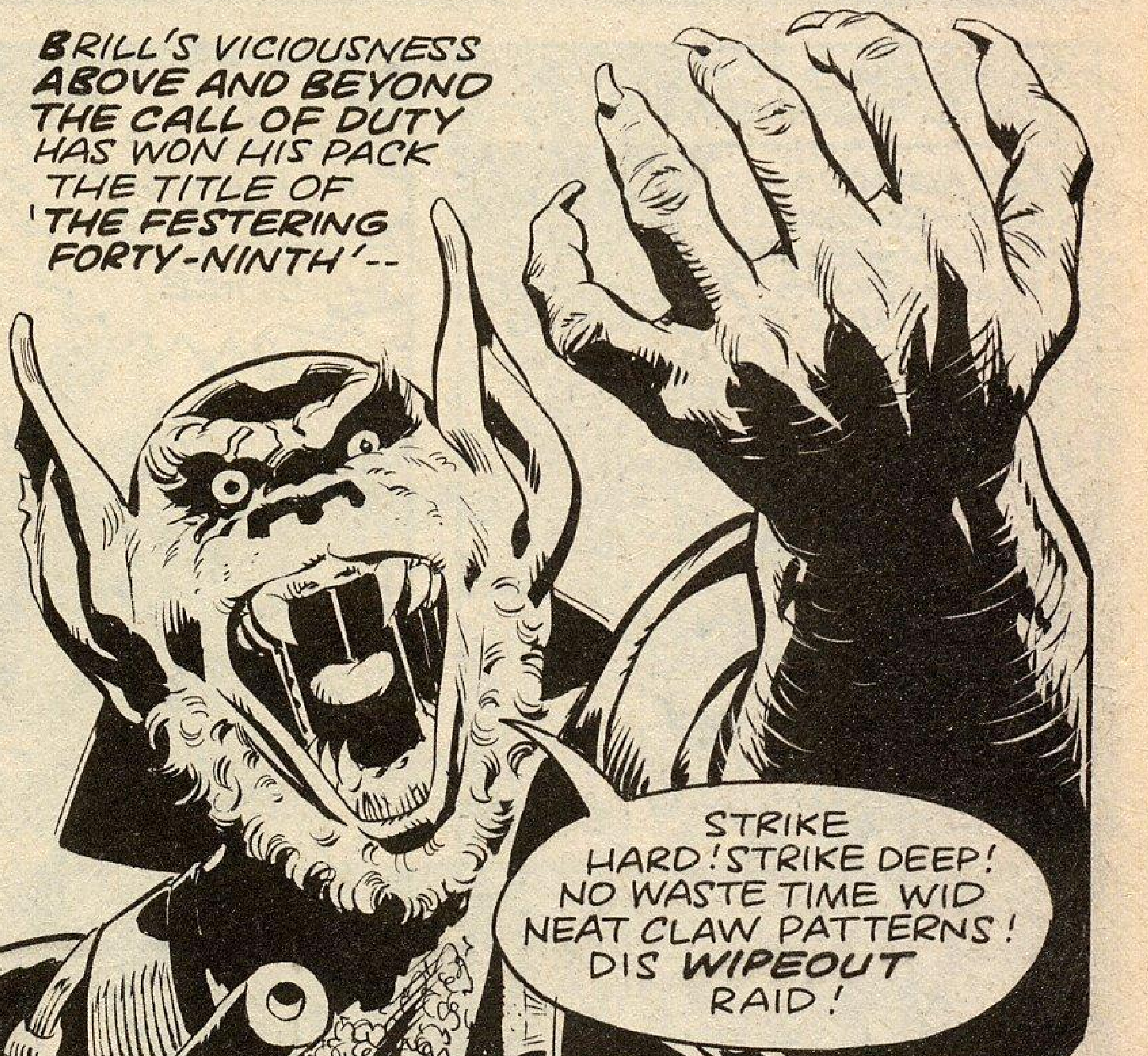
Another HaCsA Scan by Gothman

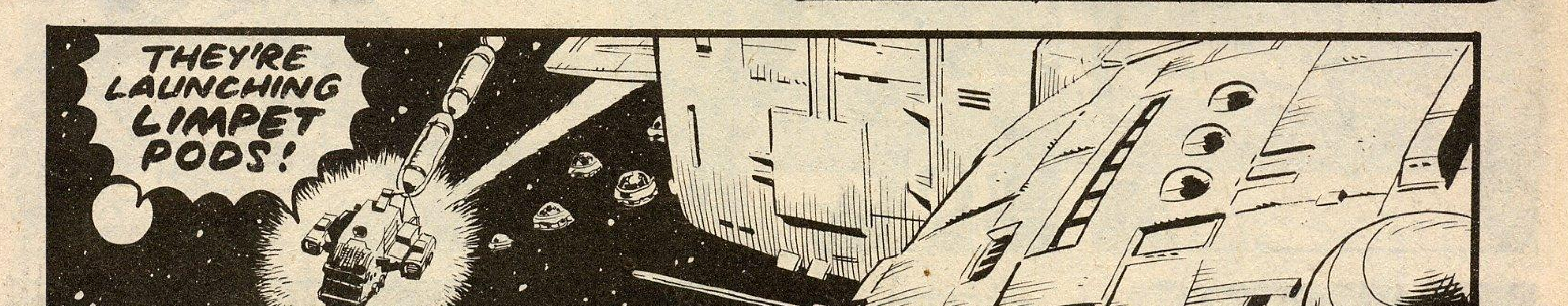
DOCTOR WHO and the DOGS of DOOM

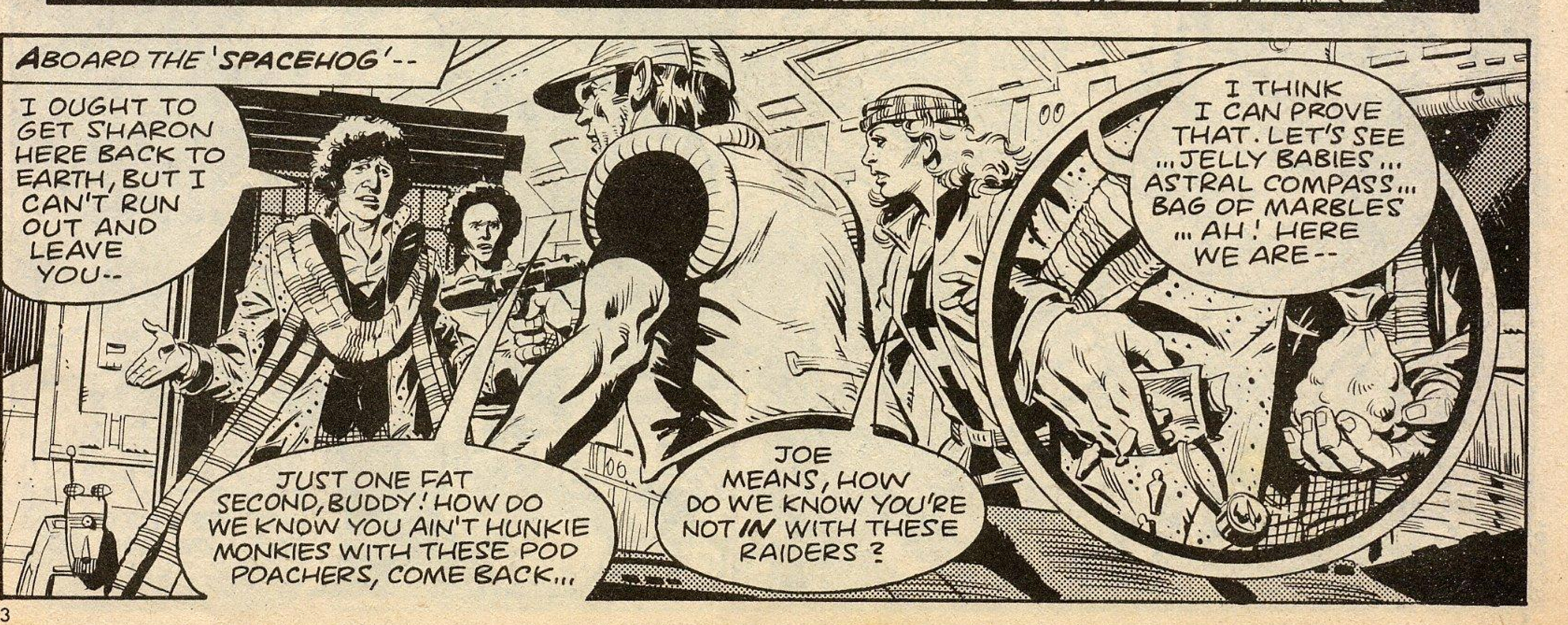
IN THE DISTANT NEW-EARTH SYSTEM, THE ASTRO-FREIGHTER 'SPACEHOG' COMES UNDER ATTACK FROM AN UNIDENTIFIED ENEMY BATTLECRAFT . . .


TRACTOR BEAM! THEY'RE STOPPING US DEAD!
FREIGHT
N⊕E
FREIGHT
N⊕E
TIZ


ABOARD THE BATTLECRAFT, WERELOK ASSAULT TROOPS PREPARE. PACK LEADER BRILL'S INSTRUCTIONS ARE REFRESHINGLY SIMPLE...
KILL!
49
49
49

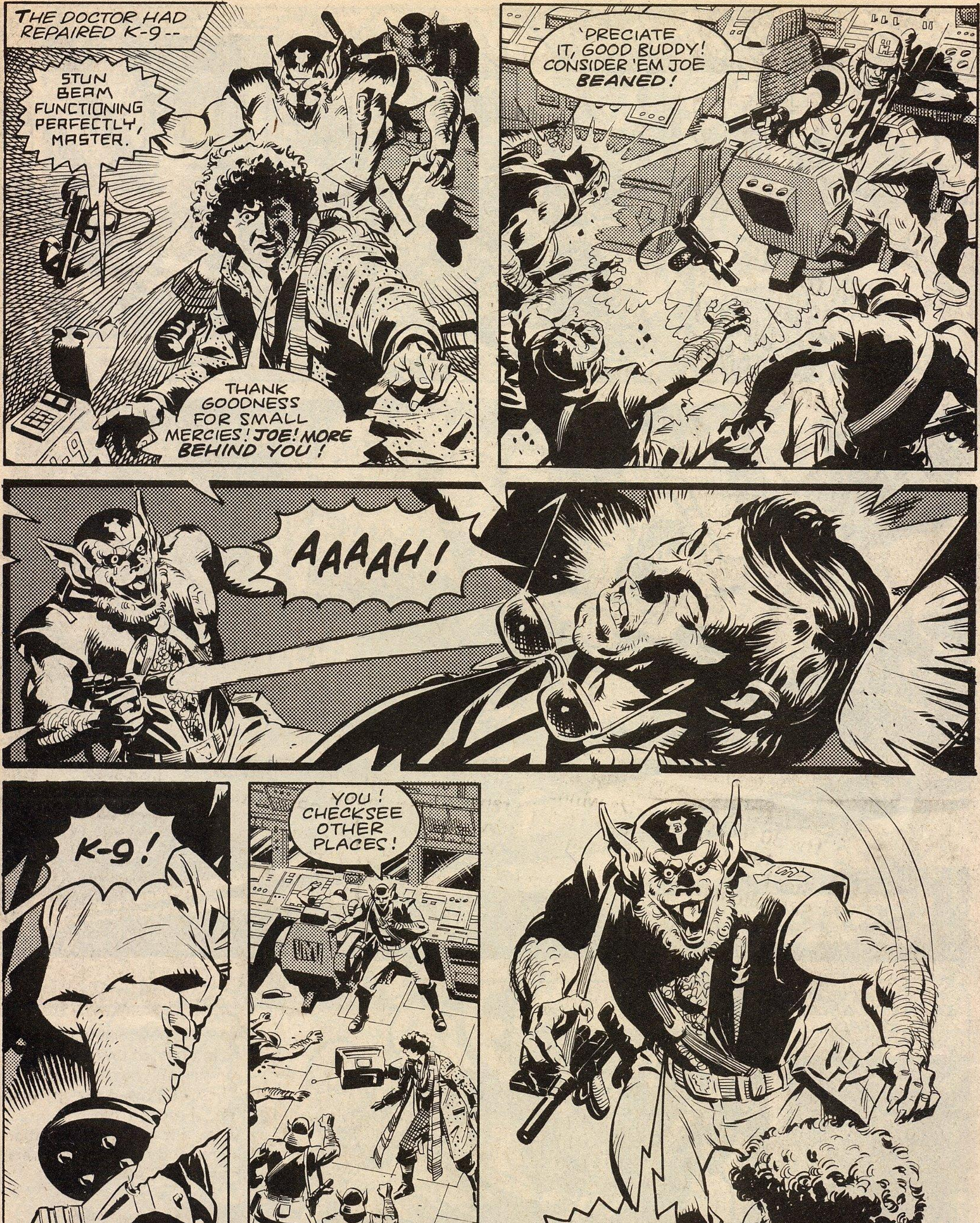

BRILL'S VICIOUSNESS ABOVE AND BEYOND THE CALL OF DUTY HAS WON HIS PACK THE TITLE OF 'THE FESTERING FORTY-NINTH'--
STRIKE HARD! STRIKE DEEP! NO WASTE TIME WID NEAT CLAW PATTERNS! DIS WIPEOUT RAID!


THEY'RE LAUNCHING LIMPET PODS!


ABOARD THE 'SPACEHOG'--
I OUGHT TO GET SHARON HERE BACK TO EARTH, BUT I CAN'T RUN OUT AND LEAVE YOU--
JUST ONE FAT SECOND, BUDDY! HOW DO WE KNOW YOU AIN'T HUNKIE MONKIES WITH THESE POD POACHERS, COME BACK...
JOE MEANS, HOW DO WE KNOW YOU'RE NOT IN WITH THESE RAIDERS?
I THINK I CAN PROVE THAT. LET'S SEE ...JELLY BABIES... ASTRAL COMPASS... BAG OF MARBLES ...AH! HERE WE ARE--

A PHOTO OF ME ON THE BEACH ON THE PLANET VORLAG. THAT'S GOOM, THE PRIME VLAG -- TERRIBLY NICE CHAP -- AND AS **EVERYBODY KNOWS**, VLAGGANS WON'T BE SEEN **DEAD** WITH ANYONE OF **BAD CHARACTER**.
THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME, JOE. THIS GUY'S TOO CRAZY TO BE DANGEROUS!
STRAIGHT FOR THE COOKIE COOP, BABE! OKAY, GOOD BUDDY -- YOU'RE IN!
SHARON AND THE WOMAN RUN TO THE ENGINE DECK --
BABE ROTH'S MY NAME -- CO-OWNER AND ENGINEER OF THE **SPACEHOG**. THE ENGINE DECK'S THE SAFEST PLACE -- IF ANYPLACE IS SAFE!
AW, I'M NOT WORRIED! I'M GETTING USED TO FIGHTING CREATURES FROM SPACE!
I'M GONNA RIP HIS HOOK, BABE! SHOOT ME THAT MOOSE JUICE!
YOU GOT IT, JOE!
THE 'SPACEHOG'S' ENGINES FLARE --
JOE BEAN HAULAGE
479
The SPACEHOG
479
WE'RE BEING BOARDED! YOUR CARGO, MAN -- IT'S CREATING TOO MUCH DRAG! **RELEASE IT!**
THAT'S A BIG NIX, GOOD BUDDY! NO SELF-RESPECTIN' SPACE TRUCKER DITCHES HIS DOGS! THE **HOG** CAN DO IT, I TELL YA!

THEY'RE BURNING THROUGH!
I HATE TO BE A BACK-SEAT DRIVER, BUT THERE'S REALLY NO TIME TO ARGUE!
RELEASE
ITS BURDEN RELEASED, THE 'SPACEHOG' RIPS FREE--
T12
NO BEAM CAN FOLLOW SUCH HUGE ACCELERATION--
INSIDE, AS JOE BEAN STRUGGLES TO REGAIN CONTROL--
THEY'RE IN!
SOME KIND OF WOLVINE RACE! K-9-- DO YOUR STUFF!
YES, MASTER.


THE DOCTOR HAD REPAIRED K-9 --
STUN BEAM FUNCTIONING PERFECTLY, MASTER.
THANK GOODNESS FOR SMALL MERCIES! JOE! MORE BEHIND YOU!
'PRECIATE IT, GOOD BUDDY! CONSIDER 'EM JOE BEANED!
AAAAH!
K-9!
YOU! CHECKSEE OTHER PLACES!
YES, BRILL!
BRILL HANDLE DIS ONE!
NEXT WEEK: DEATH-MOON!

See if you can help solve the...

DOCTOR'S DILEMMA!

60
WIN ONE OF FANTASTIC S.P.I. SCI-FI COMBAT BOARD GAMES
BATTLE FLEET MARS
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FREEDOM IN THE GALAXY
The Star Rebellions, 5764 AD

The 30 lucky first prize-winners will each receive a magnificent SPI *de luxe* tactical situation game chosen from a range whose titles include: **Battle Fleet Mars, Star Force** and **Freedom in the Galaxy**! Thirty runners-up will each receive a super SPI folio mini game. All prizes have been denoted by SPI, Britain's leading supplier of tactical situation fantasy games.

The TARDIS materialises on the burning sands of a hostile desert planet. The Doctor's task is to locate a rare mineral, which is needed by the Time Lords, to thwart the Dalek Master-plan. Suddenly, the temperature inside the ship begins to rise, and the horrified time-traveller realises that the heat shield has malfunctioned. Considering the urgency of the mission, would the Doctor:

a) Abandon the quest and seek cooler climates?
b) Attempt to repair the damage before the heat becomes critical?
c) Risk the outside atmosphere while K-9 locates the TARDIS malfunction?
d) Put on his sombrero and set out in search of an oasis?
e) Compute the length of the planet's day, and move through time to the period of night?
f) Send K-9 outside to locate the mineral, whilst moving into a parallel dimension until the ore is located?
g) Send a distress call to the Time-Lords, and wait for their assistance?
h) Summon the Ice-Warriors for aid, to cool him down?
j) *Give your own best solution to this dilemma, in no more than twenty-five words, using your skill and judgement. Remember, the Universe is at stake!*

Write down on a postcard your list of alternatives in order of preference.

For example, if you think alternative a) is best, followed by g), then write a) first, g) second, etc.

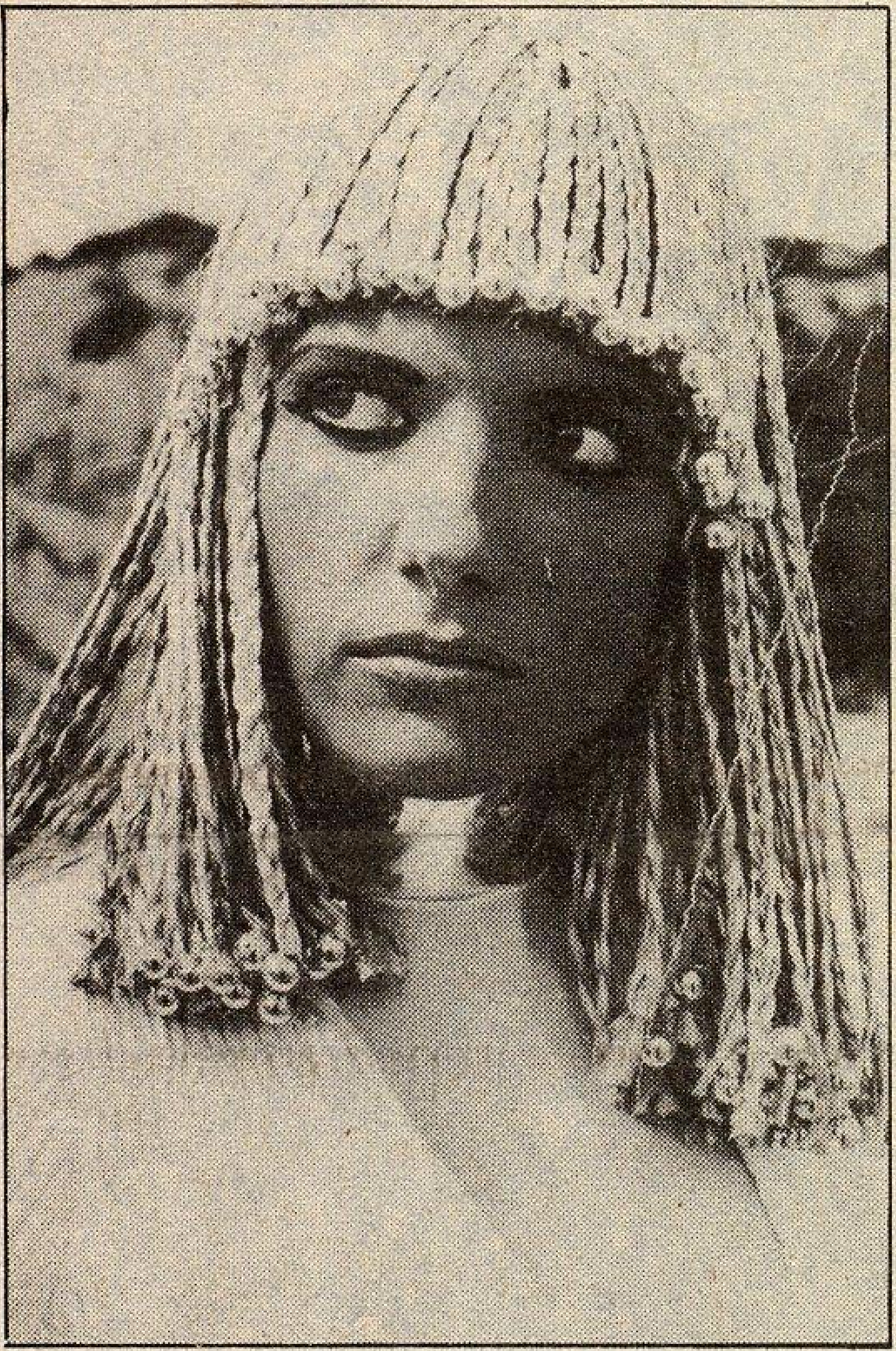
Then write out your own solution to the dilemma and send your answers, no later than April 25th, to us at:

DOCTOR'S DILEMMA,
Dr Who Weekly,
Marvel Comics, Jadwin House,
205-211 Kentish Town Road,
London NW5.

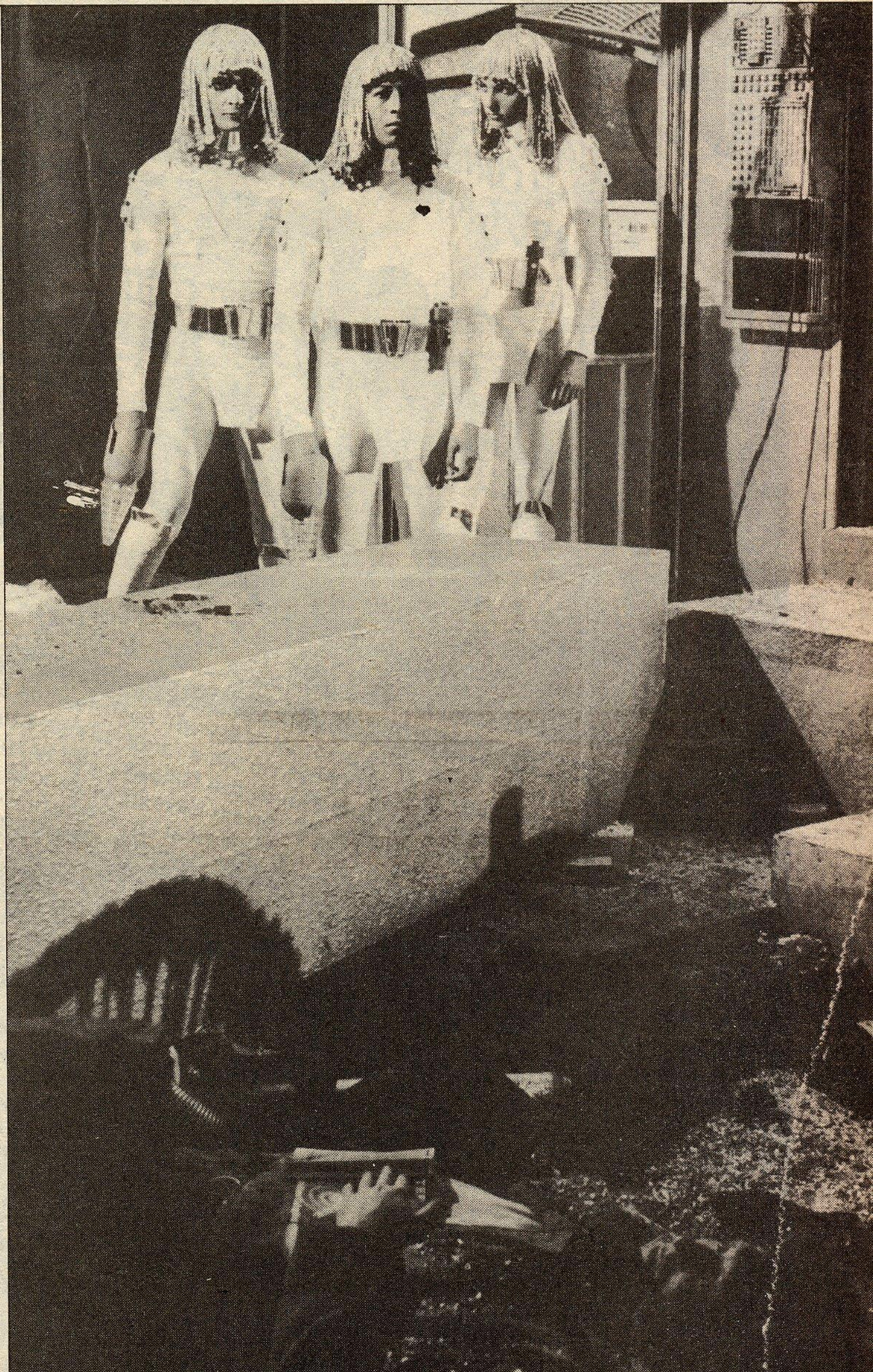
THE MOVELLANS

From the unknown depths of the universe, a new race of strange robotic beings come to threaten Dalek supremacy . . .

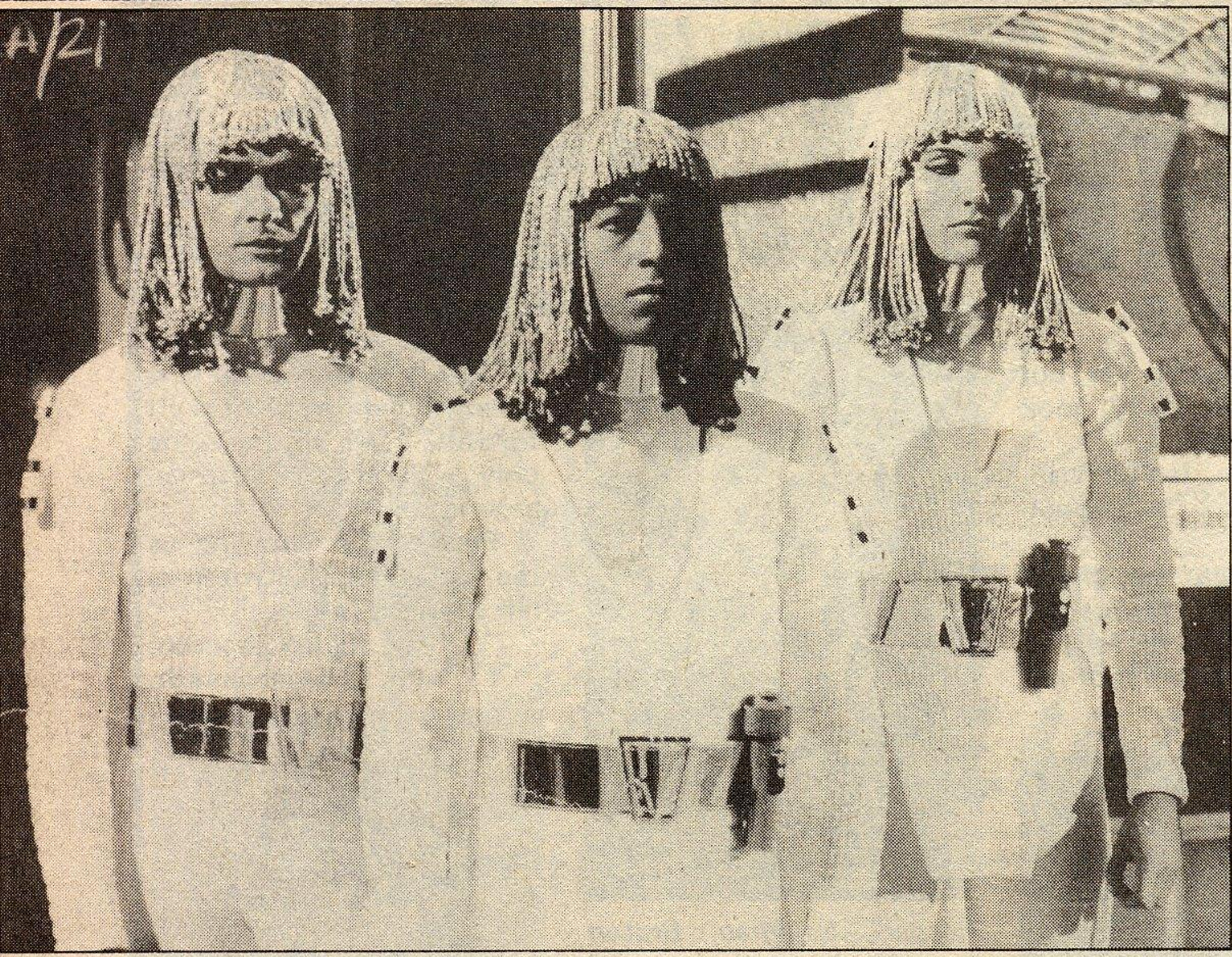
The Daleks had at last met their match! From the unknown depths of the universe, a new race of strange robotic beings had come to threaten Dalek supremacy. Each race now paused in its attack on the free beings of the cosmos. Amongst the ruins of the old Kaled city of Skaro, a new war was being fought . . . Victory was vital to both sides, for each race prevented the other from conquering the universe!



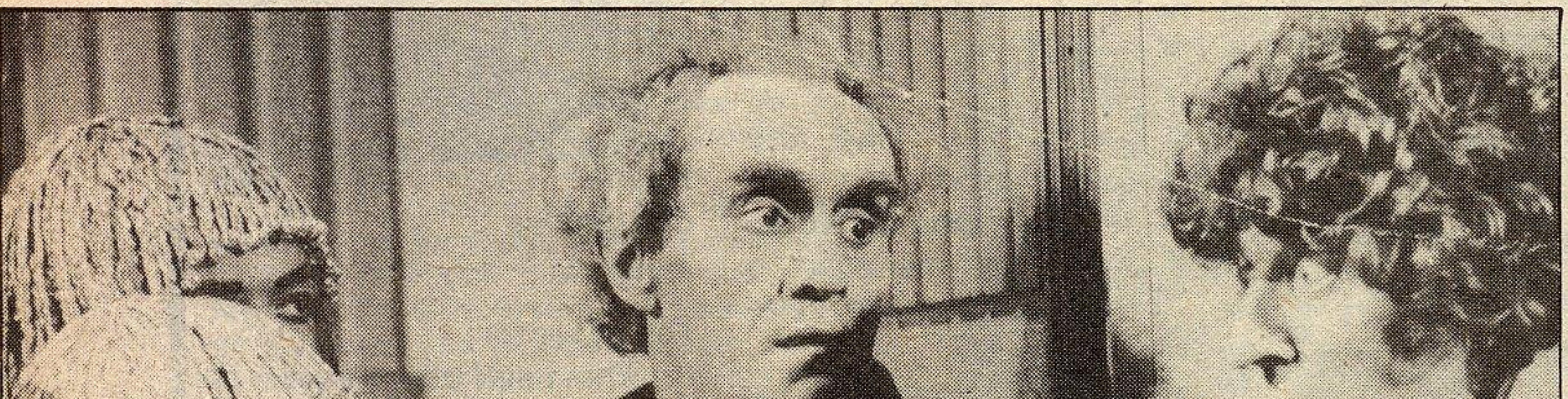
Above: *One of the beautiful, deadly Movellans.* **Right:** *The Movellans enter the crumbling remains of the old Kaled complex where the Doctor lays buried beneath its ruins.*



Who could have realised that the Movellans were anything more than what they seemed — a beautiful human race of warriors, dressed in white paper-sculptured uniforms. The only clue to their identity was in the gleaming, silver belts worn around their waists. No mere decoration but power packs containing vital operational circuitry . . . The Movellans were robots!



Above: *The Movellans, another galactic menace in search of universal domination.* **Below:** *The Doctor finally realises that the Movellans are nothing but a race of robotic villains.*



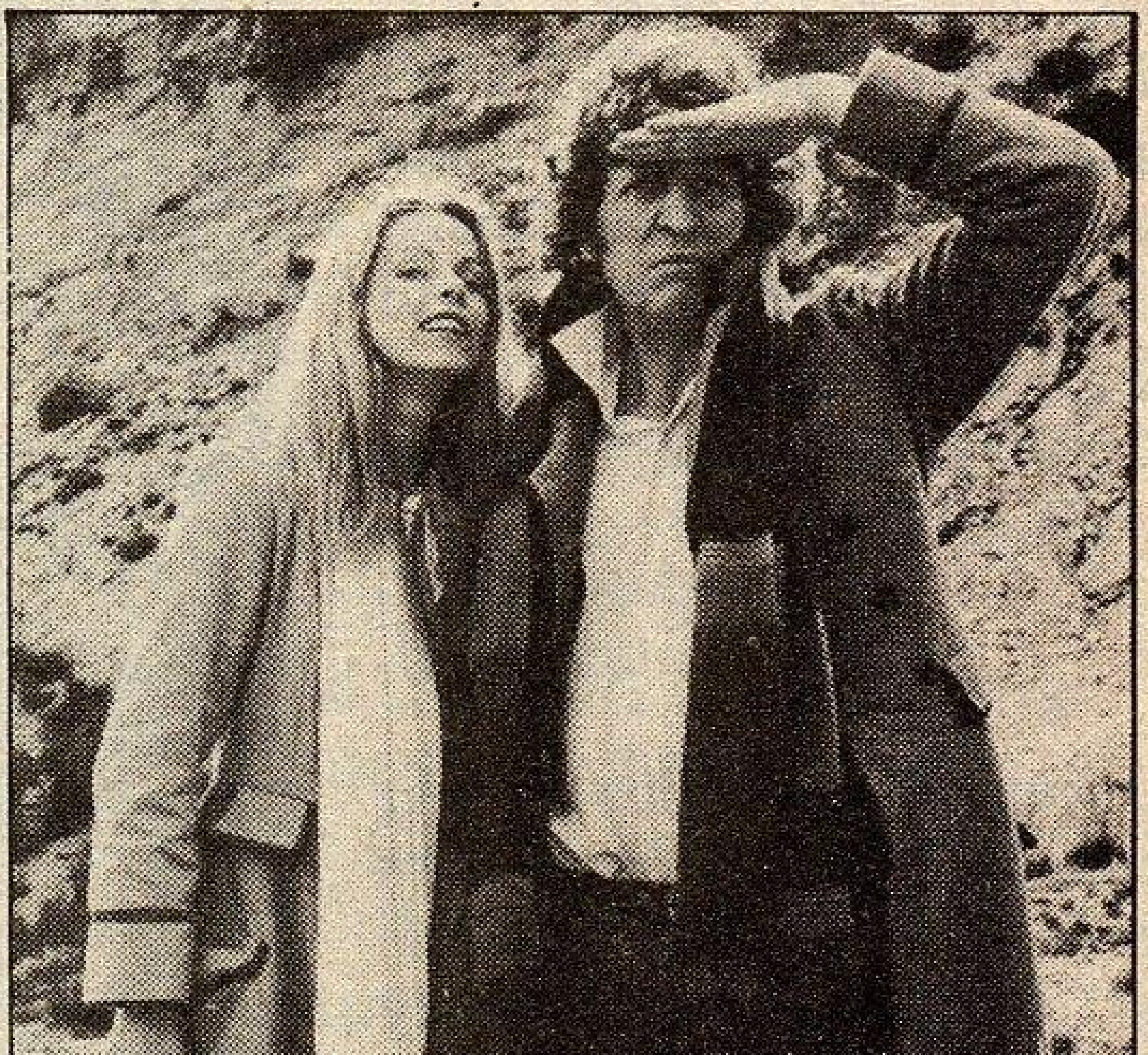
The humanoid appearance of the robots was so realistic that even the Doctor, a master sleuth in the detection of such disguises, was taken in by them. Yet he couldn't understand why they were so determined to disturb the crumbling remains of the old Kaled complex. Why unearth the terror of Skaro? Realisation slowly dawned on the Doctor. The Movellans were simply another galactic menace in search of universal domination!

These evil metal creations were a formidable enemy indeed. Despite their appearance, they were capable of outstanding shows of physical strength, lifting massive boulders from the ragged mountain sides of Skaro. They were almost indestructible, for when damaged, a self-repair circuit quickly corrected the malfunction.

Despite each side's terrifying strength, the two greatest battle fleets in the universe had been caught in a logical stalemate. With battle computers of ultimate and similar design, each force could predict the next move of their opponent and counter it. Neither force had fired a missile against each other in centuries!

The Daleks had returned to their desolate planet in search of an end to this logical stalemate. By evoking Davros, the evil power that had first given them life, they believed that it would be possible to destroy the Movellans forever!

Their white robotic rivals soon came to realise that the strange eccentric humanoid, who unexpectedly arrived on Skaro, was an old opponent of their deadly enemies — the Daleks! Had the Doctor knowledge which could help them win this terrifying battle for supremacy?



The Doctor had no desire to help the Movellans. He realised that by destroying the Dalek menace and releasing the Movellans upon the galaxy, would simply have been replacing one destructive terror with another!

The stalemate in space remains, and until either side thinks illogically and switches off the battle computer, the galaxy can be rest-assured of continuing peace.

WHO CARES!

Once more, we have a huge batch of your letters — and photos — to print so let's get straight into them . . .

Dear Doctor,

I have collected your comic since the very first issue, and I think that it's great. I must say though, that I was surprised with what happened in the latest issue, after all, surely even *you* can't stop the Meep from destroying the world now!

Good luck with your future adventures!

Graham Spoor,
Sunderland.

Nothing's impossible, old chap, why I can remember much stickier situations, just a matter of knowing what you're doing!

Dear Doctor,

I've just seen the great news in the latest issue of **Dr Who Weekly**. I must say that I'm looking forward to the great new look **Dr Who Weekly**.

As soon as we get details, I'm going to make sure that I join UNIT, and the news page you mentioned sounds great!

We've all seen the good work you've done before, so I think that you're going to make **Dr Who Weekly** unbeatable with this new look.

Good luck, keep up the good work!

Keith Pritchett,
Borehamwood.

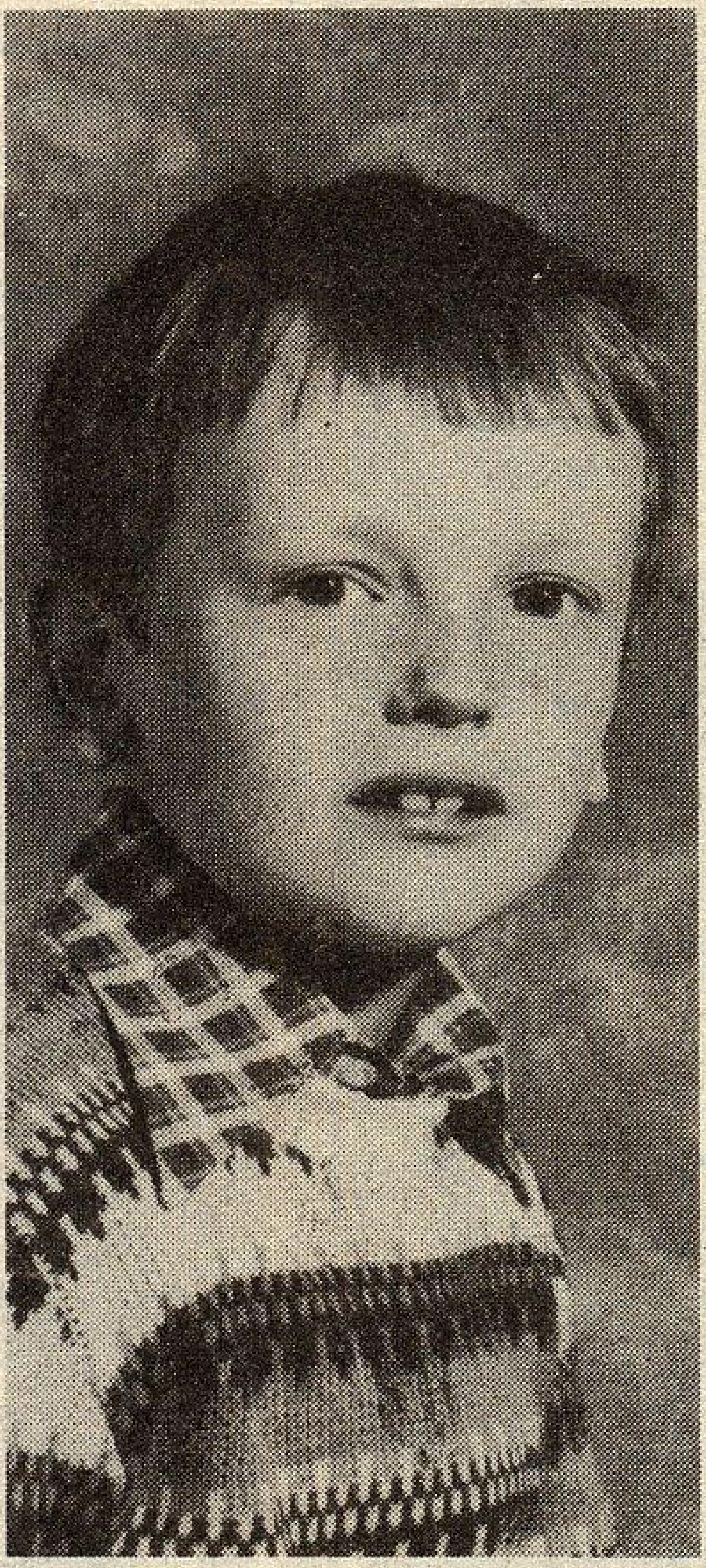
Dear Doctor,

I think that your comic is just great, and the news of your new look **Dr Who Weekly** makes me really excited.

I haven't seen it yet, but I'm sure that it will look good.

Ian McPhail,
Liverpool.

Well, Keith and Ian, thank you for your confidence. Now be sure and let me know what you think of my new look comic.



Reader J. Bruce from Oxford.

Dear Doctor,

I've just read the latest episode of your adventure against the Meep, and I must say that the story is getting very exciting.

I must say, that I'm surprised that you're still around to let us know what happened, as in the latest episode it looked as if the Meep had well and truly messed things up for the world!

I await with baited breath the following episodes!

Dave Martin,
Cardiff.

Reader Jonathan Braton from Maidenhead.

Dear Doctor,

I think that your comic is brilliant, and have been collecting it since issue sixteen.

I particularly like the fantastic **Dr Who** strip with it's Dave Gibbons artwork. Mr Gibbons has managed to bring life to a great television character.

You can't imagine how annoyed I am to have missed those first few issues!

Richard Rudham,
Canning Town.

Dear Doctor,

I would like to make a few comments about your comic, **Doctor Who Weekly**.

I would like to see more stories connected with the future rather than the past in your Tales of the TARDIS series.

Lets have more stories featuring some of the old Doctors, or all of them incorporated in one story!

Glenn Sanders,
Manchester.

Dear Doctor,

Why is it that the Kroton stories in your comic always disappoint me? Poor old Kroton must be getting a bit fed up with things always going wrong for him!

Surely you could show us a story with Kroton in it where something went right for him, after all, he is the only decent Cyberman around.

Please stop showing us the times when Kroton is left deserted in space!

Sarah Johnson,
Hammersmith.

Reader Lucy Kilsby from Cambridge.

Dear Doctor,

The back-up story in **Dr Who Weekly** 24 was a masterpiece. The twist to the tale was a bit predictable, but enjoyable nevertheless. Mind you, it's a bit sad that Kroton, in his two appearances in your comic has only been happy for a short while.

I hope that Kroton meets someone who will stay with him for more than a while.

What about a team-up with Abslom Daak sometime in your great comic!

Paul Cadney,
Middx.

Who Cares!
Doctor Who Weekly,
Marvel Comics,
Jadwin House,
205-211 Kentish
Town Road,
London NW5.

UNIT HOTLINE

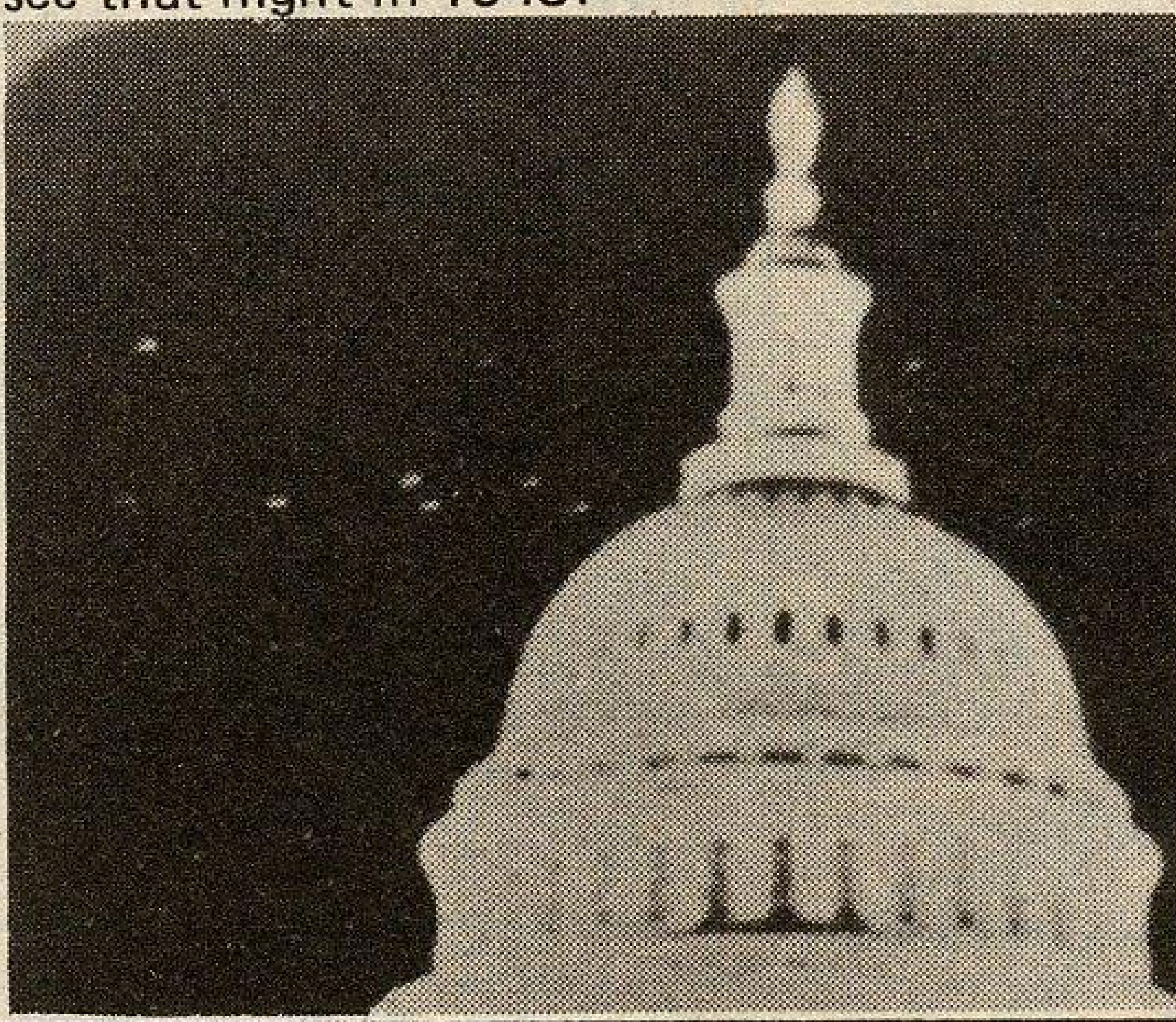
SKY~WATCH!

Dateline: July 24th, 1948.
Subject: UFO sighting.
Witnesses: Captain Clarence Chiles and John Whitted.
Location: Alabama, USA.

The UFO was spotted at 2.45 am over Alabama by Captain Clarence Chiles and his co-pilot John Whitted, who were flying a Douglas DC3 to Boston. The two pilots were able to give a detailed description of the blue 'glowing' cigar shaped object that was flying parallel to their plane.

"When it came near us, its fuselage appeared to be about one hundred feet in length and about four times the circumference of a B-29 fuselage. It had two rows of windows and red flames were shooting twenty-five to fifty feet out of the rear of the ship . . . The ship had no wings and seemed to have an upper deck and was fully lighted inside. We saw no occupants."

An Air Force investigation into the incident reported that there was no other planes in the area but concluded that Chiles and Whitted had seen a bright meteor. It is an explanation that is hard to accept. Captain Chiles was a very experienced pilot with 8,500 hours of flying time behind him. Is it likely that he made such a huge error? According to the pilots, the object was moving at approximately 700mph — too slow for a meteor. The question therefore remains open — what did Chiles and Whitted see that night in 1948?



U.N.I.T

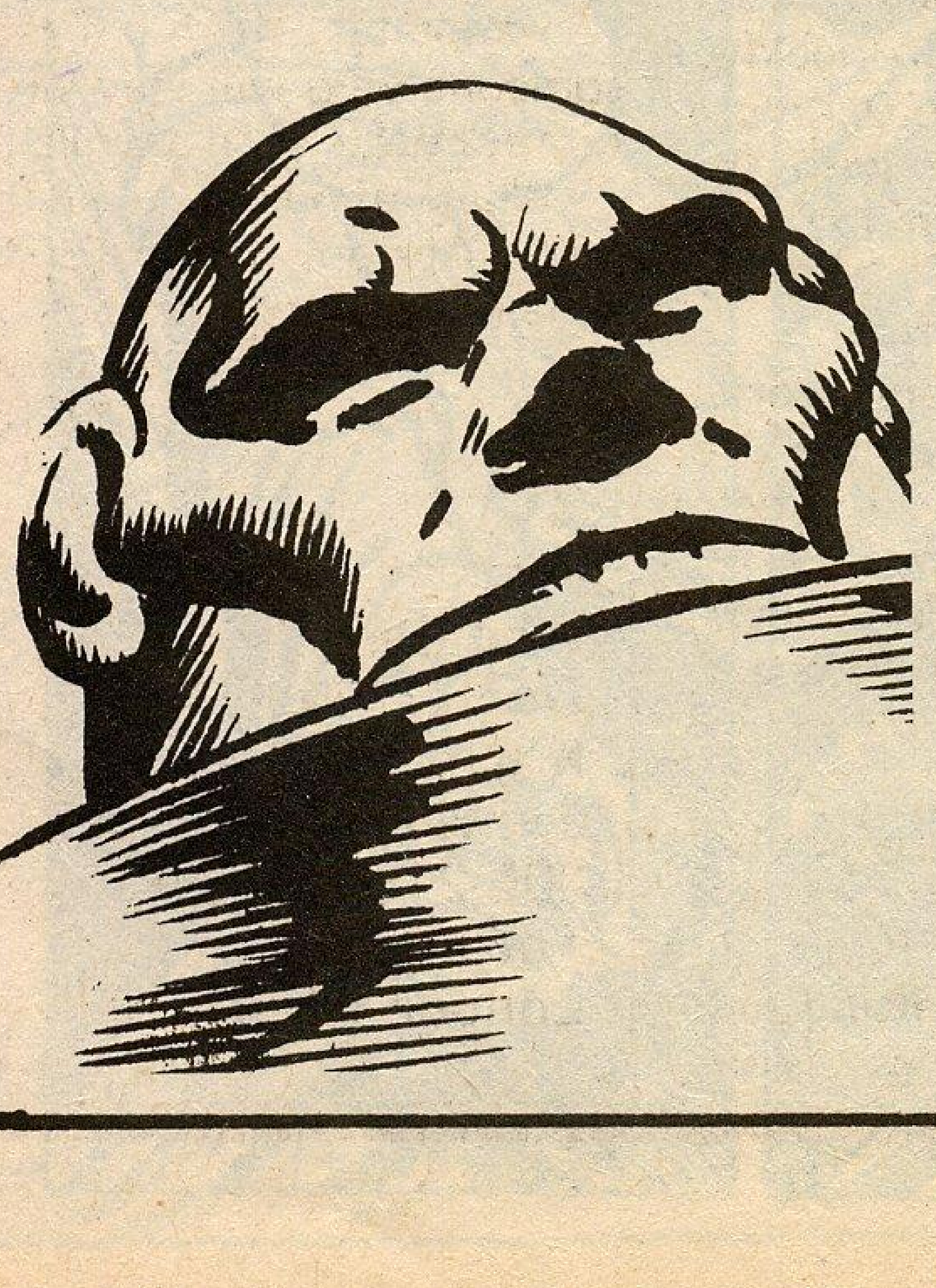
HOTLINE QUIZ

Calling all UNIT Force Fighters! How much do you really know about the alien threat? Here's your chance to find out in our brain-teasing hotline quiz!

1. Who is UNIT's commanding officer?
2. What is the name of the robotic villains who recently tried to overthrow the Dalek's supreme tyranny?
3. UNIT's scientific advisor, code name — the Doctor, encountered a very dangerous villain while holidaying in France. What was its name?
4. Who invaded Earth in the Second Ice Age?
5. The Daleks are armed with one of the most lethal weapons known to the universe. What are they called?

ANSWERS: 1. Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart. 2. The Movellans. 3. Scaroth of Jagaroth. 4. The Ice Warriors. 5. Ruby Ray Blasters.

SONTARAN KNOW YOUR ENEMY



SUBJECT: The Sontarans

PLANET OF ORIGIN: Sontara

WEAPONARY: Hand blasters, sheath knives, grenades.

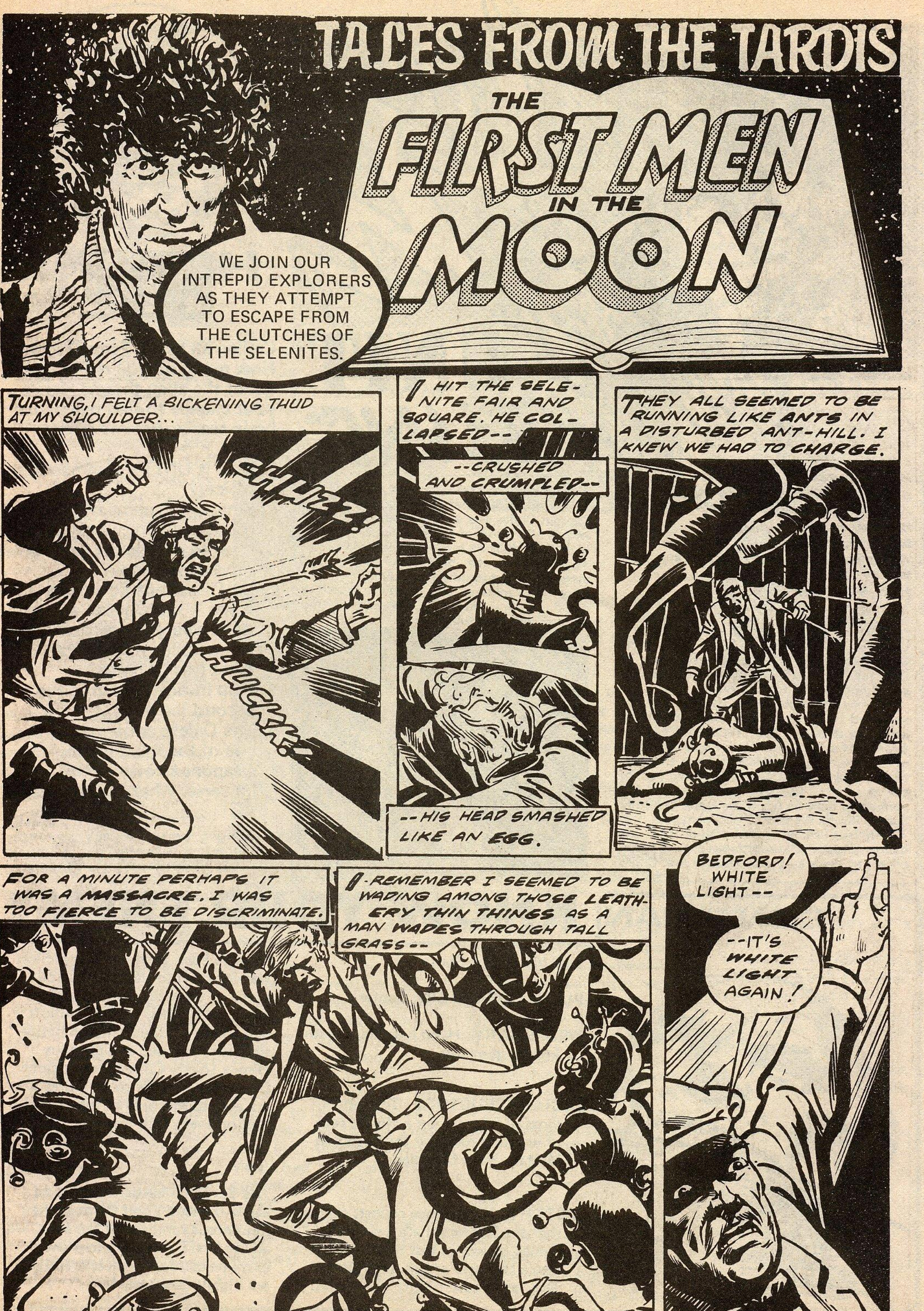
SOCIAL STRUCTURE: The inhabitants of Sontara are a cloned race of warriors ruled by the Sontaran Military High Command.

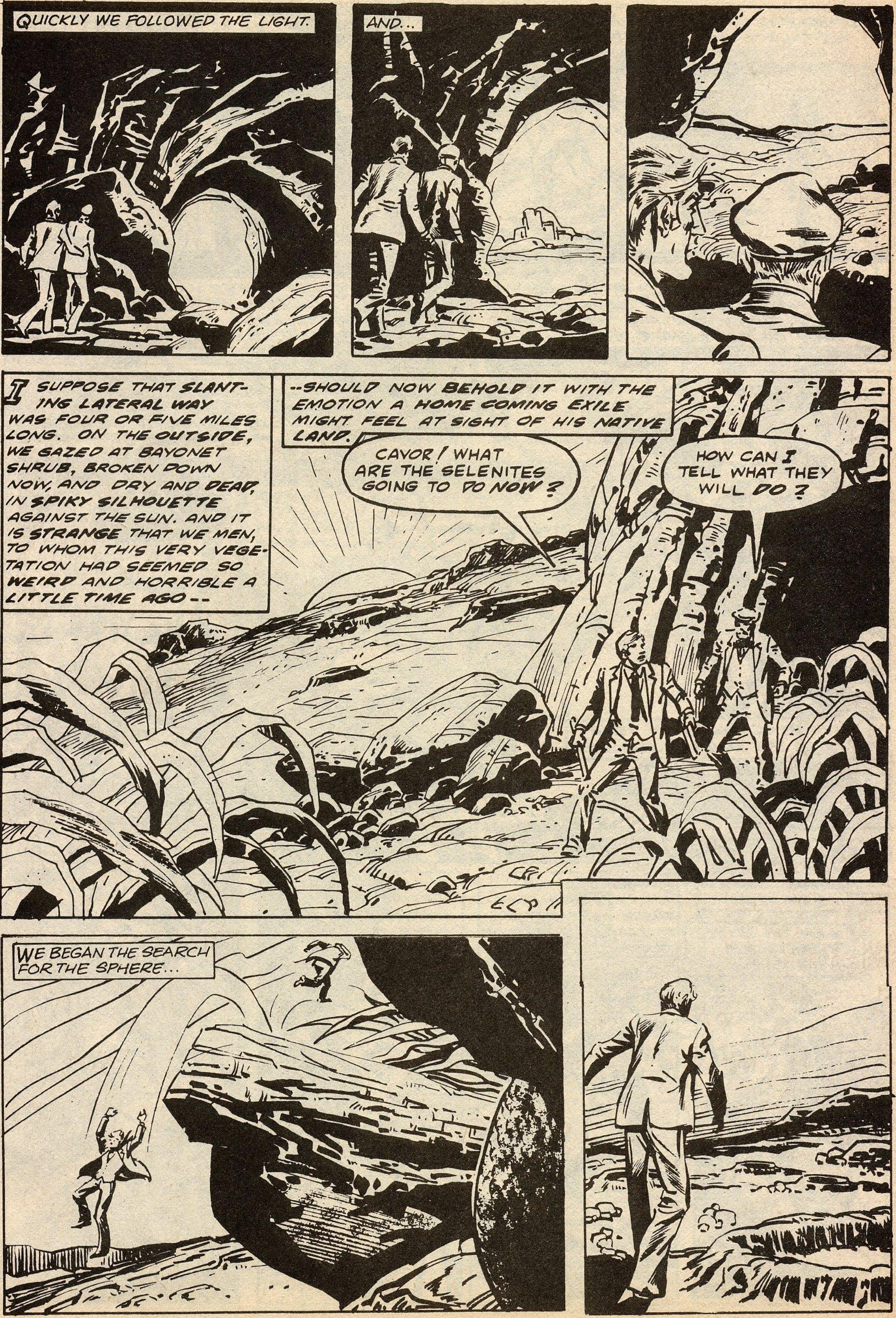
HISTORY: Intelligence reports suggest that the Sontarans are a race of clones, grown in test tubes from a single cell, and are all indentical. They are a race totally dominated by war. Each Sontaran, a merciless warrior born to slaughter. Thousands of them die on the battlefronts of all their major conflicts and to die for the Sontaran battle fleet is recognised as a glorious climax to any Commander's career. Death means little to creatures that are able to multiply at the rate of a million every four minutes!

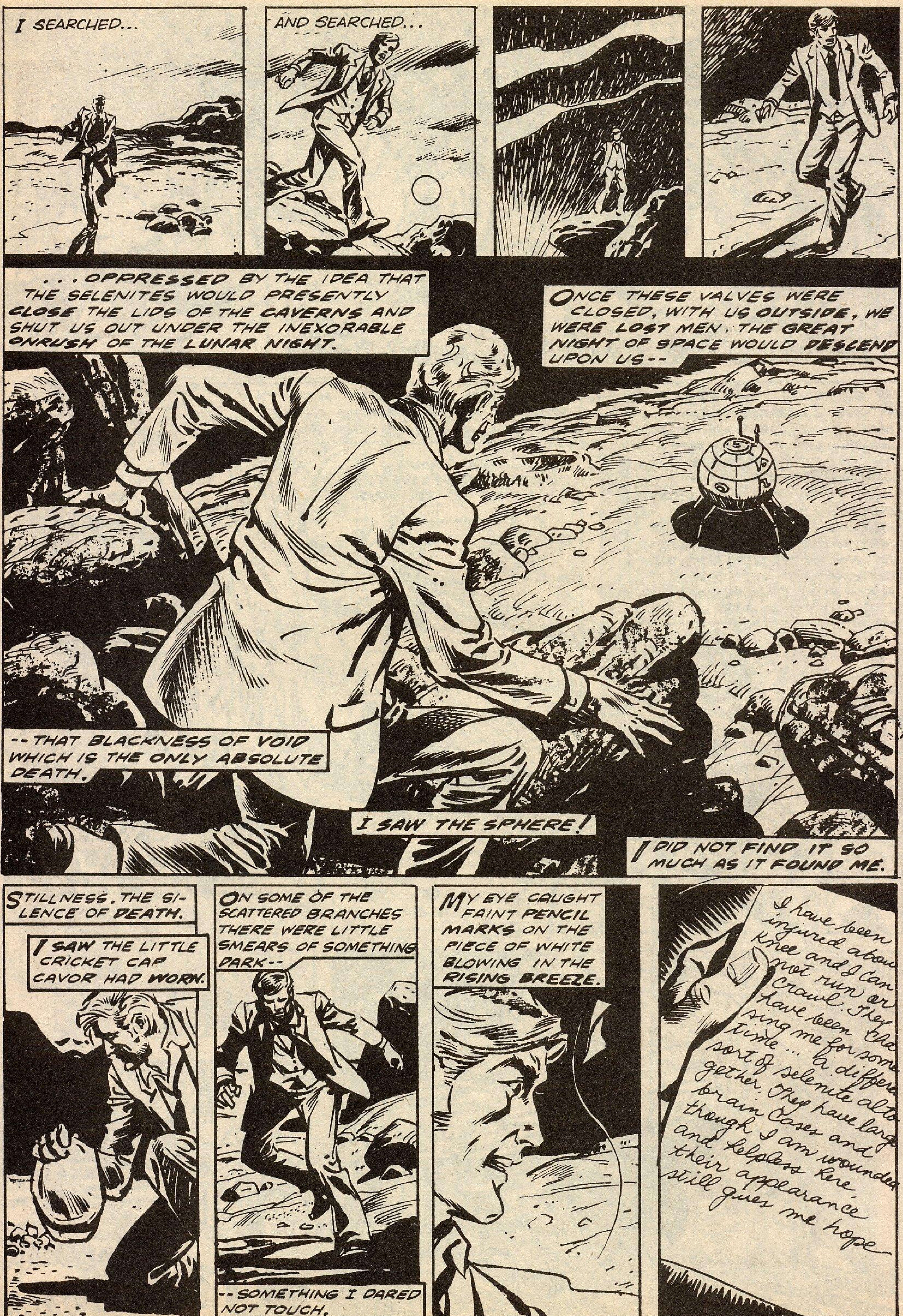
The Sontaran battle fleets could easily descend upon Earth in their murderous rampage of the stars. We advise UNIT members to show extreme caution — these creatures are highly dangerous!

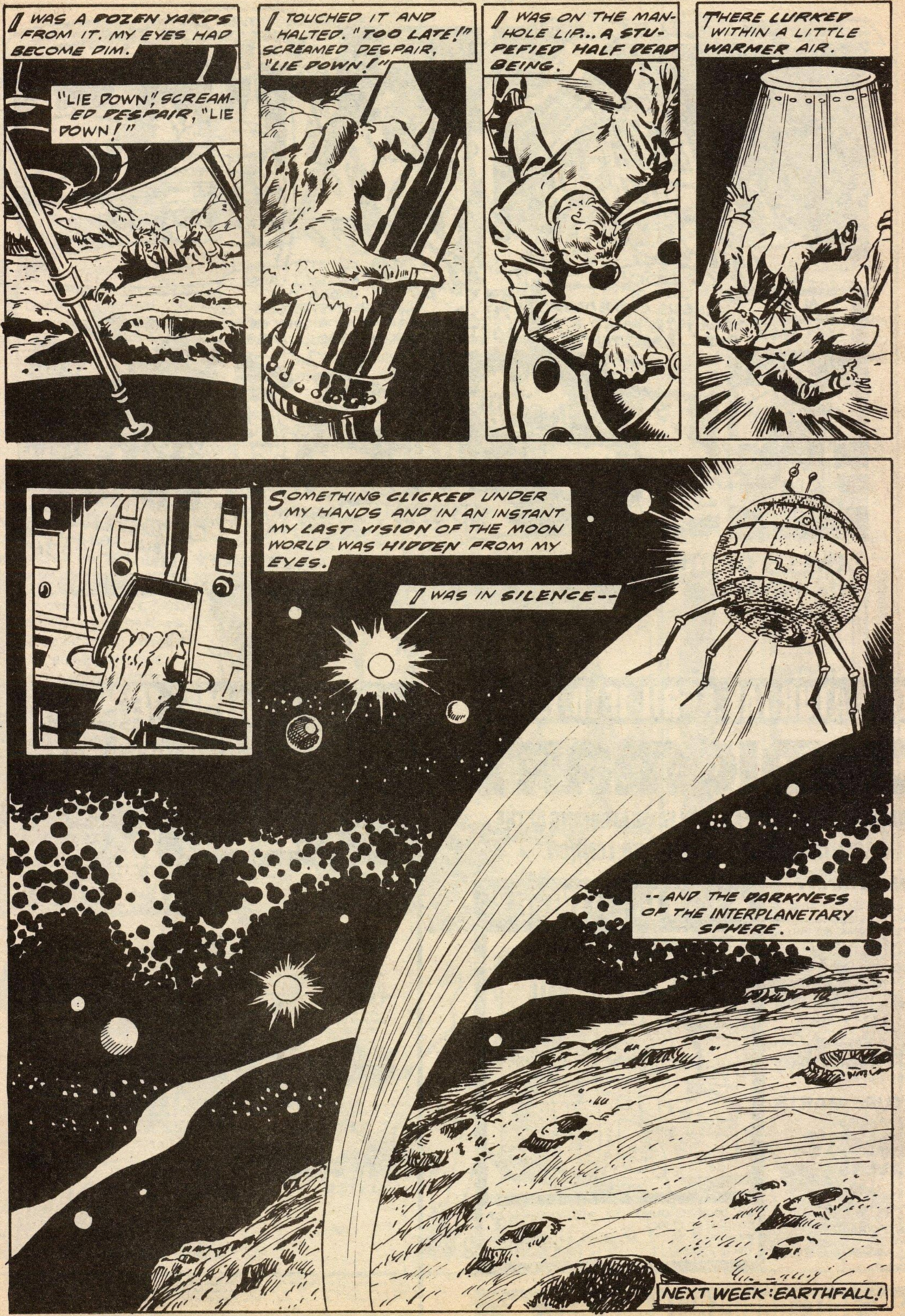
TALES FROM THE TARDIS

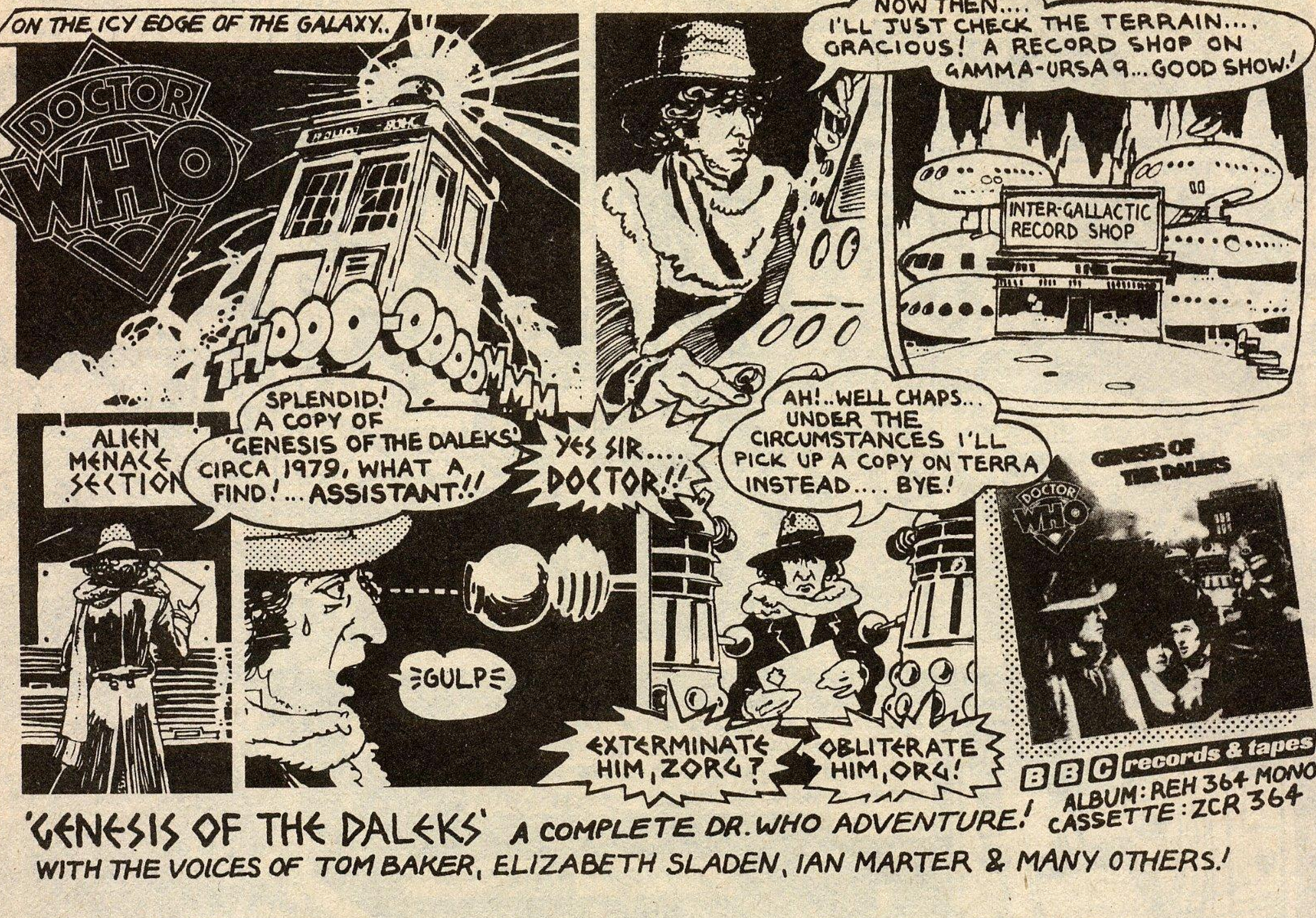
THE FIRST MEN IN THE MOON


WE JOIN OUR INTREPID EXPLORERS AS THEY ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE FROM THE CLUTCHES OF THE SELENITES.
TURNING, I FELT A SICKENING THUD AT MY SHOULDER...
CHUZZ!
THUCKK!
I HIT THE SELENITE FAIR AND SQUARE. HE COLLAPSED--
--CRUSHED AND CRUMPLED--
--HIS HEAD SMASHED LIKE AN EGG.
THEY ALL SEEMED TO BE RUNNING LIKE ANTS IN A DISTURBED ANT-HILL. I KNEW WE HAD TO CHARGE.
FOR A MINUTE PERHAPS IT WAS A MASSACRE. I WAS TOO FIERCE TO BE DISCRIMINATE.
I REMEMBER I SEEMED TO BE WADING AMONG THOSE LEATHERY THIN THINGS AS A MAN WADES THROUGH TALL GRASS--
BEDFORD! WHITE LIGHT--
--IT'S WHITE LIGHT AGAIN!


QUICKLY WE FOLLOWED THE LIGHT.
AND...
I SUPPOSE THAT SLANTING LATERAL WAY WAS FOUR OR FIVE MILES LONG. ON THE OUTSIDE, WE GAZED AT BAYONET SHRUB, BROKEN DOWN NOW, AND DRY AND DEAD, IN SPIKY SILHOUETTE AGAINST THE SUN. AND IT IS STRANGE THAT WE MEN, TO WHOM THIS VERY VEGETATION HAD SEEMED SO WEIRD AND HORRIBLE A LITTLE TIME AGO--
--SHOULD NOW BEHOLD IT WITH THE EMOTION A HOME COMING EXILE MIGHT FEEL AT SIGHT OF HIS NATIVE LAND.
CAVOR! WHAT ARE THE SELENITES GOING TO DO NOW?
HOW CAN I TELL WHAT THEY WILL DO?
WE BEGAN THE SEARCH FOR THE SPHERE...


I SEARCHED...
AND SEARCHED...
...OPPRESSED BY THE IDEA THAT THE SELENITES WOULD PRESENTLY CLOSE THE LIDS OF THE CAVERNS AND SHUT US OUT UNDER THE INEXORABLE ONRUSH OF THE LUNAR NIGHT.
ONCE THESE VALVES WERE CLOSED, WITH US OUTSIDE, WE WERE LOST MEN. THE GREAT NIGHT OF SPACE WOULD DESCEND UPON US--
--THAT BLACKNESS OF VOID WHICH IS THE ONLY ABSOLUTE DEATH.
I SAW THE SPHERE!
I DID NOT FIND IT SO MUCH AS IT FOUND ME.
STILLNESS. THE SILENCE OF DEATH.
I SAW THE LITTLE CRICKET CAP CAVOR HAD WORN.
ON SOME OF THE SCATTERED BRANCHES THERE WERE LITTLE SMEARS OF SOMETHING DARK--
--SOMETHING I DARED NOT TOUCH.
MY EYE CAUGHT FAINT PENCIL MARKS ON THE PIECE OF WHITE BLOWING IN THE RISING BREEZE.
I have been
injured abou
knee and I can
not run or
crawl. They
have been cha
sing me for some
time ... a differe
sort of selenite alto
gether. They have larg
brain cases and
though I am wounde
and helpless here
their appearance
still gives me hope


I WAS A DOZEN YARDS FROM IT. MY EYES HAD BECOME DIM.
"LIE DOWN," SCREAMED DESPAIR, "LIE DOWN!"
I TOUCHED IT AND HALTED. "TOO LATE!" SCREAMED DESPAIR, "LIE DOWN!"
I WAS ON THE MANHOLE LIP... A STUPEFIED HALF DEAD BEING.
THERE LURKED WITHIN A LITTLE WARMER AIR.
SOMETHING CLICKED UNDER MY HANDS AND IN AN INSTANT MY LAST VISION OF THE MOON WORLD WAS HIDDEN FROM MY EYES.
I WAS IN SILENCE--
--AND THE DARKNESS OF THE INTERPLANETARY SPHERE.
NEXT WEEK: EARTHFALL!


ON THE ICY EDGE OF THE GALAXY..
DOCTOR WHO
THOOO-OOOOMMM
NOW THEN.... I'LL JUST CHECK THE TERRAIN.... GRACIOUS! A RECORD SHOP ON GAMMA-URSA 9... GOOD SHOW!
INTER-GALLACTIC RECORD SHOP
ALIEN MENACE SECTION
SPLENDID! A COPY OF 'GENESIS OF THE DALEKS' CIRCA 1979, WHAT A FIND!... ASSISTANT!!
YES SIR.... DOCTOR!!
GULP
AH!.. WELL CHAPS.. UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES I'LL PICK UP A COPY ON TERRA INSTEAD.... BYE!
EXTERMINATE HIM, ZORG?
OBLITERATE HIM, ORG!
GENESIS OF THE DALEKS
DOCTOR WHO
BBC records & tapes
ALBUM: REH 364 MONO
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'GENESIS OF THE DALEKS' A COMPLETE DR. WHO ADVENTURE!
WITH THE VOICES OF TOM BAKER, ELIZABETH SLADEN, IAN MARTER & MANY OTHERS.!

ON SATURDAY APRIL 19th. 1980

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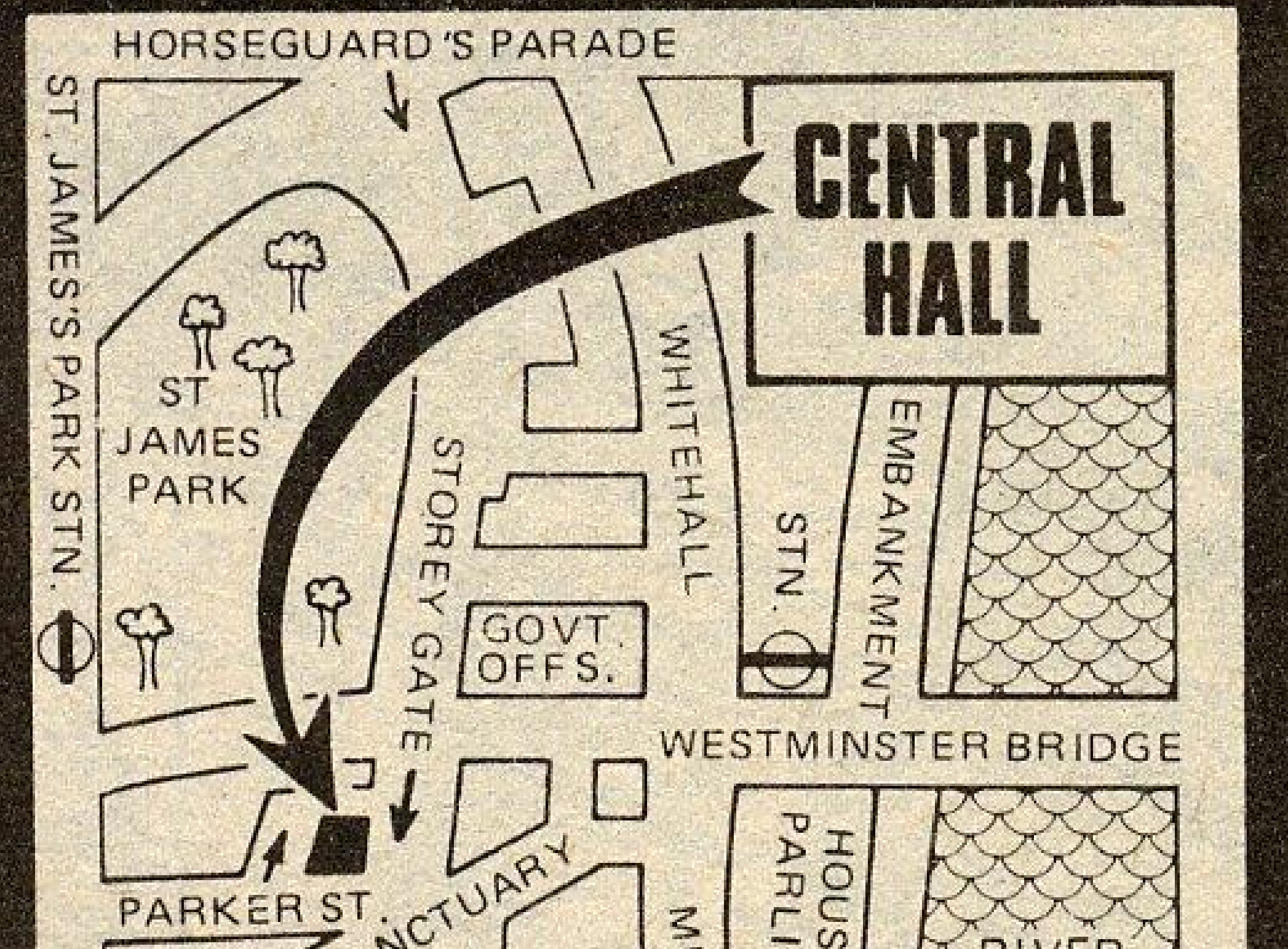
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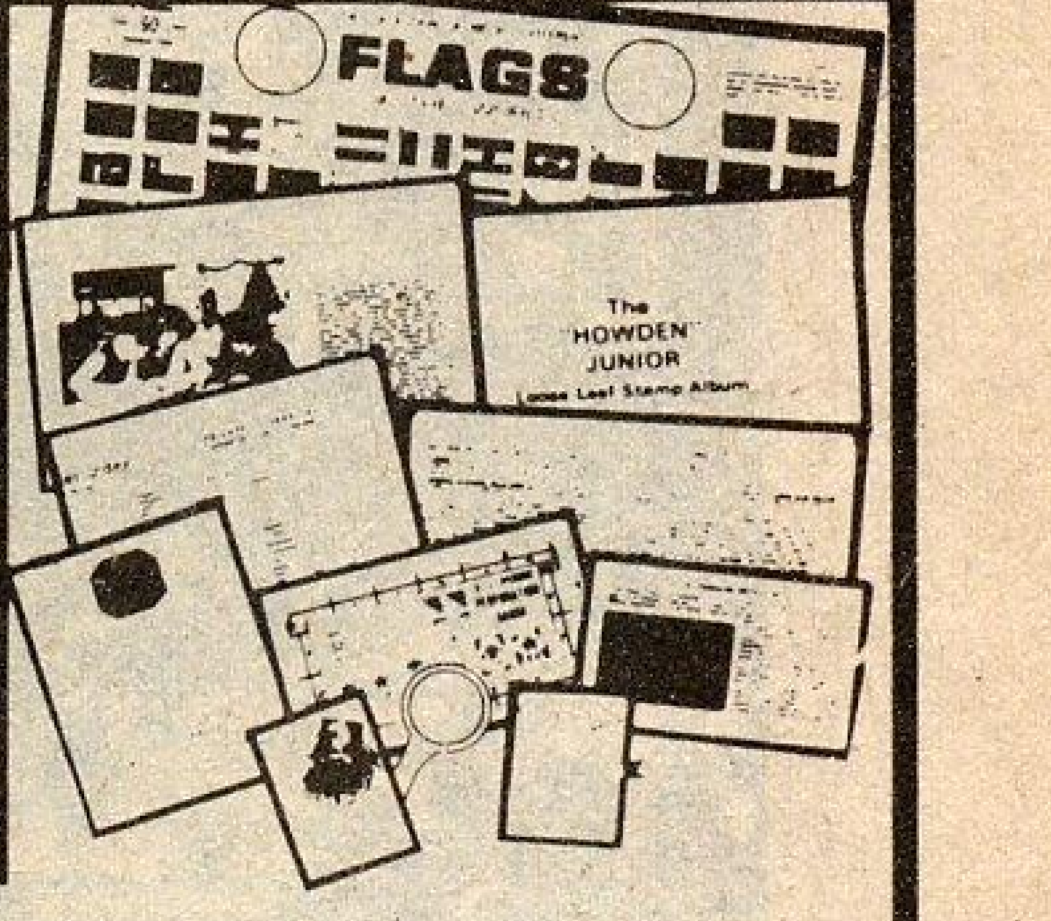
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EVIL EGG

Within seconds of the TARDIS materialising on Deneb III, the Doctor emerged through the weathered doors with the eager enthusiasm of a schoolboy loose in a sweetshop.

He feasted his gaze on the lush, unspoiled landscape of rolling grassland that undulated away to his left and ended abruptly at a cliff. The pounding waves of an azure sea crashed against the rocks below. Ahead, and to his right, monolithic sandstone peaks ranged along the coastline while to his rear, behind the TARDIS, nestled a forest of pines resplendant in the golden glare of a blazing sun. The Doctor was already a hundred paces away from the TARDIS, calling for K-9 to follow, before the somewhat less enthusiastic robot-computer appeared in view, his sensors analyzing the alien environment.

"What about the Mistress?" he queried, reluctant to leave Sharon sleeping and alone in the time-space machine, yet not wanting his master to fall into goodness-only-knows what trouble.

"Oh, come now, K-9," responded the Doctor. "We'll be back before she misses us. Stop dragging your rollers!"

With that, the Doctor marched on, up the gradient towards the sandstone peaks, with the robot dog hot on his heels.

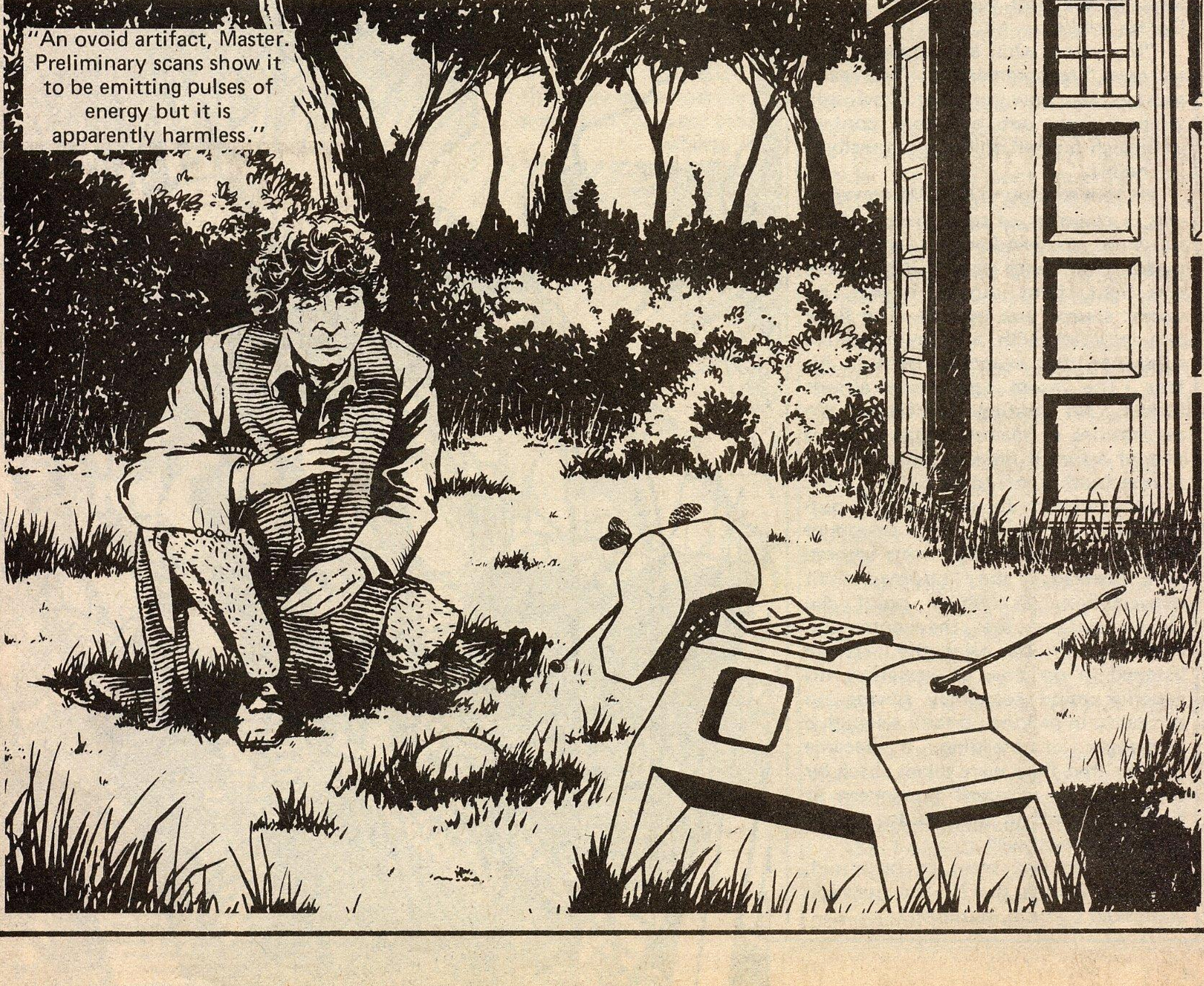
They had barely made the foothills when K-9 halted and proceeded to study a small object partially obscured in a clump of long grass.

"Master . . ?"

"What now, K-9? There are times when . . ."

Pausing in mid sentence, his gaze found his lagging companion . . . apparently sniffing at the grass . . . evidently K-9 had found something of interest.

"An ovoid artifact, Master", said K-9 " Preliminary scans show it to be



"An ovoid artifact, Master. Preliminary scans show it to be emitting pulses of energy but it is apparently harmless."

emitting pulses of energy but is apparently harmless."

"Can't you be more precise than that, K-9? With all the electronic circuitry built into you, my little chum, I'd expect a more positive report than that. Why, it could explode or something."

"Sorry Master, insufficient data."

"Never mind, K-9. Let me see."

The Doctor knelt down, fingers gingerly running over the egg-shaped object, metallic in nature and perfectly smooth. His hand closed around it. The egg began to vibrate and grow hot to his touch — and then a pulsating glow encompassed the Doctor and he vanished, leaving a perplexed K-9 standing alone, his sensor probing the air. The Doctor's universe reeled, he seemed to fall, suddenly he felt firm ground beneath his feet, and behind him, a voice! "An interesting specimen, my brothers!"

The Doctor observed the two conversants as they, in turn, observed him. Grotesquely humanoid in appearance, albino-white, and completely hairless they gave the impression that they were nothing more than two-year old infants. They continued to stare, a look of pleasure upon them, as the Doctor spoke .

"My word, what a spectacular way to travel," he commented. "You really must explain how you do it. Obviously teleportation, but by mere contact with such a small object . . . it really is incredible."

He looked around him. Wherever he was, a chamber of sorts, he could see no doors or windows or any other means of entrance or exit. While there was light, faint though it was, no power source was evident. The floor was covered with a filmy sand-like substance that crunched beneath his feet. The room itself was almost barren. No seating or tables. No decorations or reading matter. Only a pile of assorted objects, piled on top of one another, off to his right.

He stepped forward, hand outstretched, making to introduce himself, but his strange hosts ignored him. Instead, they resumed their conversation, at which point the Doctor noticed that they communicated purely by telepathy. As he listened in on their conversation, his superior mind seemingly having no difficulty in picking up their telepathic exchanges or meaning, it became evident that they were taken aback by the Doctor's apparent unconcern at finding himself in their midst, unlike others they had seen.

"You do not seem to be afraid, creature. Why is that?" The question was asked by both in unison.

"I do apologise," replied the Doctor. "I didn't realise that *that* was a requirement of your invitation. Anyway, I never was too good at that sort of thing so I don't think I'll bother if you don't mind."

The discussions between the two began anew, both showing signs of agitation as they attempted to understand the Doctor's apparent unconcern.

"Do you think we can?" queried one. "He may prove harmful to us . . . he is not the one we established contact with . . ."

"No . . . But it has been a long time . . ."

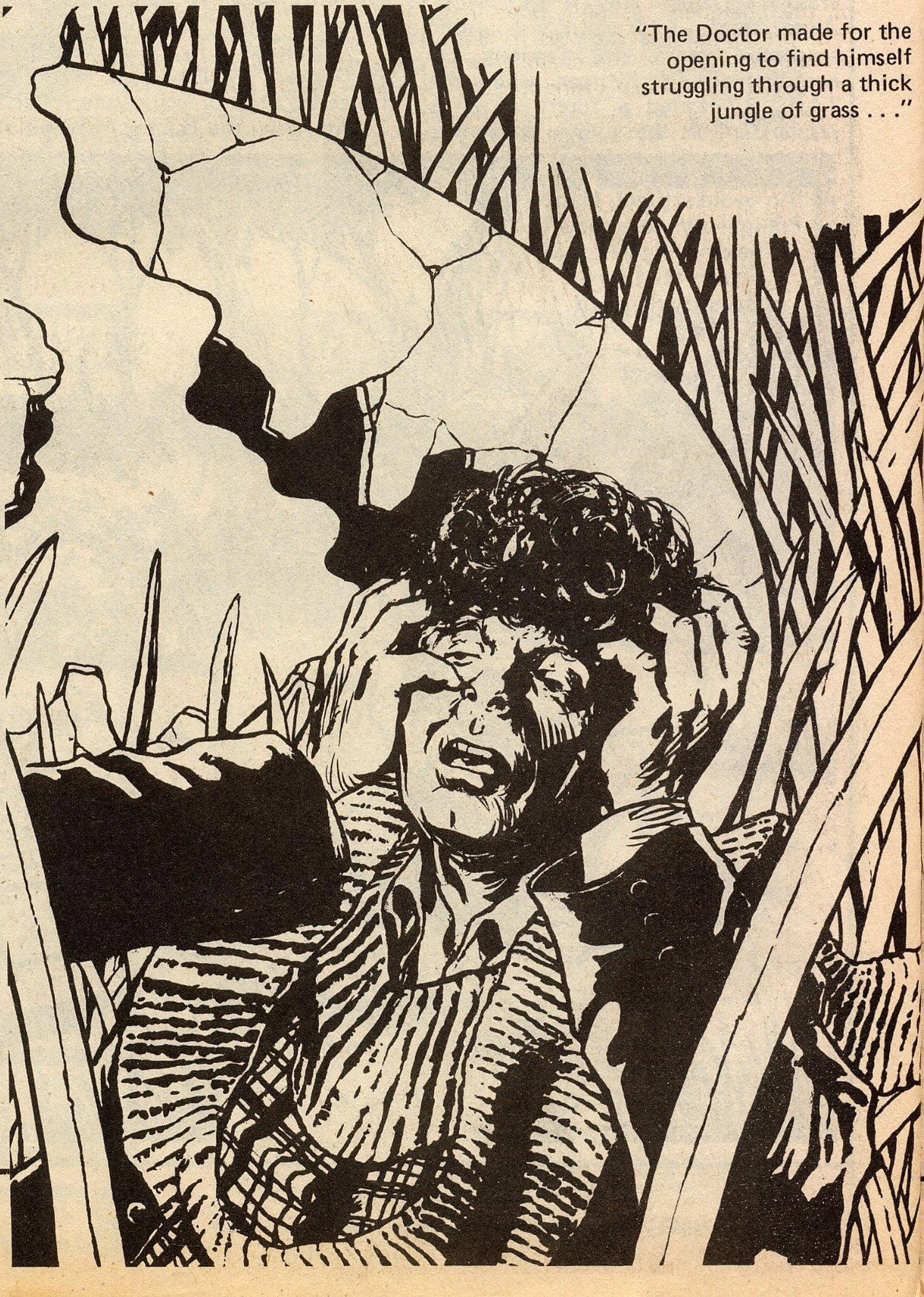
As they conversed, ignoring his movements, the Doctor was able to give the objects off to his right closer scrutiny. He silently wished that he hadn't as the hairs on his neck bristled at the realisation that they were the tattered remains of humanoid clothing and discarded personal possessions. It now became perfectly clear that he had not been abducted as a specimen for study, but as the main course on his captors' luncheon menu; one they now had serious doubts about consuming.

Pressing his advange, the Doctor rounded on the duo in mock beligerence, an emotion utterly alien to them and one they had not before encountered. They cowered away, frightened now for the first time in their lives, and anxious to rid him from their presence.

"Well, come on!" exclaimed the Doctor. "I can't stand around here all day and talk to you fellows, send me back to where I came from!"

"Brother and I know not how to do such a thing," telephathed one of the duo. "Since we first hungered, our food has come whenever we wished it! Always it was docile. Never have we sent it away!"

"And just how do you know when



"The Doctor made for the opening to find himself struggling through a thick jungle of grass . . ."

food is available?" queried the Doctor.

"We just . . . know! We think of feeding and it arrives."

The Doctor considered this information. "Well then, I suggest you chaps just think of sending me back!" he commanded.

"We have tried that already, without success as you can see." Came the reply.

As strange as it seemed, it was obvious to the Doctor that these creatures had never left the egg from the moment of their birth and relied on their telepathic link with the egg-shaped object to provide them with their nourishment.

But what to do? Sooner or later the creatures would begin to overcome their fears and doubts.

How far he had been teleported he could only guess, but it seemed a safe assumption that he was inside one of the sandstone peaks if he was to believe the evidence of the sandy floor of the chamber. His only hope was K-9, presuming that he was in close proximity and that the chamber was not buried too deeply inside the peak so as to muffle the sound of his dog-whistle. The Doctor blew . . . and crossed his fingers!

Minutes passed without incident and the Doctor began to feel his last hope fading.

Then the chamber moved. Not a movement caused by violent mountainous upheaval, rather a rolling motion that sent the Doctor careering into the piles of littered clothing to be engulfed moments later by sand slithering down towards him. The floor took the place of a wall and a wall became a floor. The two creatures, remaining seated, glided with the movement as though they had experienced the sensation before.

And then the wall of the chamber disintegrated, shattered by a piercing beam of radiant energy that left in it's wake a hole approximately waist high and almost fried the three occupants of the chamber to a crisp!

The Doctor made for the opening to find himself struggling through a thick jungle of giant grass before emerging into what seemed at first glance to be a clearing.

He looked around — then up — to see looming high above him . . . a giant K-9!

"MASTER?"

To K-9, his query was merely a whisper; to the Doctor it was a sonic boom. He covered his ears as he sank to his knees, fighting against the waves of unconciousness that threatened to overwhelm him.

Silence.

Then dizziness. Conflicting feelings of falling down into a pit and rising high into the sky at the same time!

His eyes opened. K-9 stood at his feet. "Oh, what happened?" he groaned.

"If my sensors did not mislead me, master, once I aimed a pin-point beam of laser energy at the metal-egg object upon ascertaining that you were inside it, you suddenly appeared, no more than a few millimeters in height . . . and grew!"

"You mean I was *inside* the *egg*? I thought . . ."

"Yes, Master?"

"Never mind, K-9, never mind!" He bent down to retrieve the shattered remains of the egg. But nothing resembling the egg could be seen. "How frightfully uncivil," intoned the Doctor "to go without so much as a by your leave!"

What they were; how they managed to survive in such an environment, and how it was possible for their victims to be reduced in size when teleported inside the egg, were questions the Doctor would puzzle over for some time. For now, however, he was happy to return to the TARDIS in one piece.

"Master," came the question "data requested concerning events inside egg."

"My dear old fellow," answered the Doctor . . . "inside the egg were two brigands who made a living by leading peaceful, non war-like creatures to their doom!"

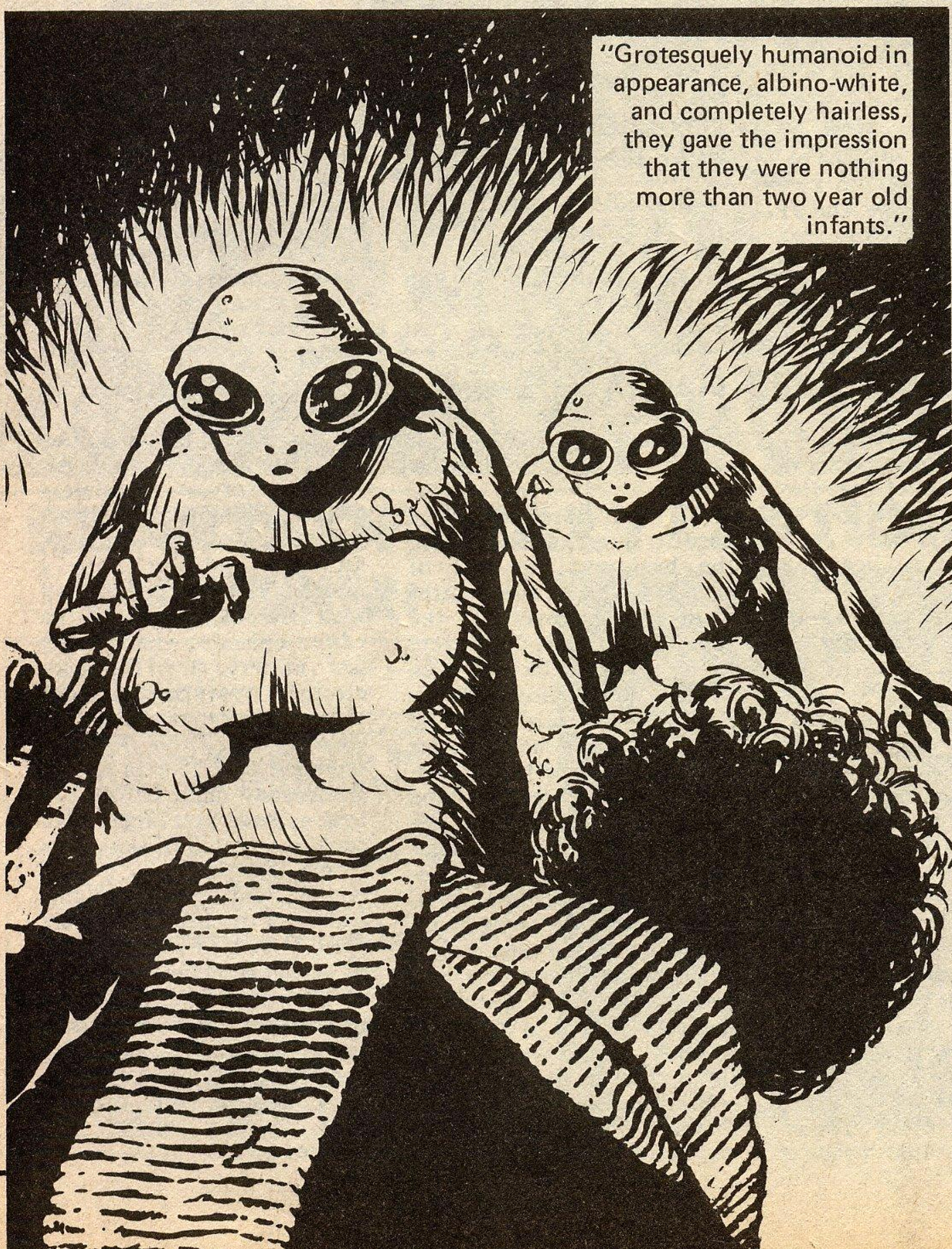
"But master" protested the dog . . . "It is understood how a computer's mind process could be mistaken for complete docility, but in your case, Master . . ."

"Quite right, old chum," came the agreement, "but you didn't *touch* the egg, *I* did. It seemed our double-act quite surprised them!"

Entering the TARDIS, the Doctor turned to his central control mechanism.

"You know, K-9, an experience like that is enough to put one off omelettes for life," mused the doctor as he threw the dematerialisation lever.

The TARDIS hummed, shimmered and disappeared back into limbo, carrying the Doctor and his companion off to who knows where.



"Grotesquely humanoid in appearance, albino-white, and completely hairless, they gave the impression that they were nothing more than two year old infants."

GALLIFREY GUARDIAN

Daleks squabble in market

Uncontrollable apathy broke out in Shepherd's Bush Market, Earth at approximately 1963 when two of the Galaxy's most fearsome warriors appeared on the scene and apparently began to fight over a cauliflower.

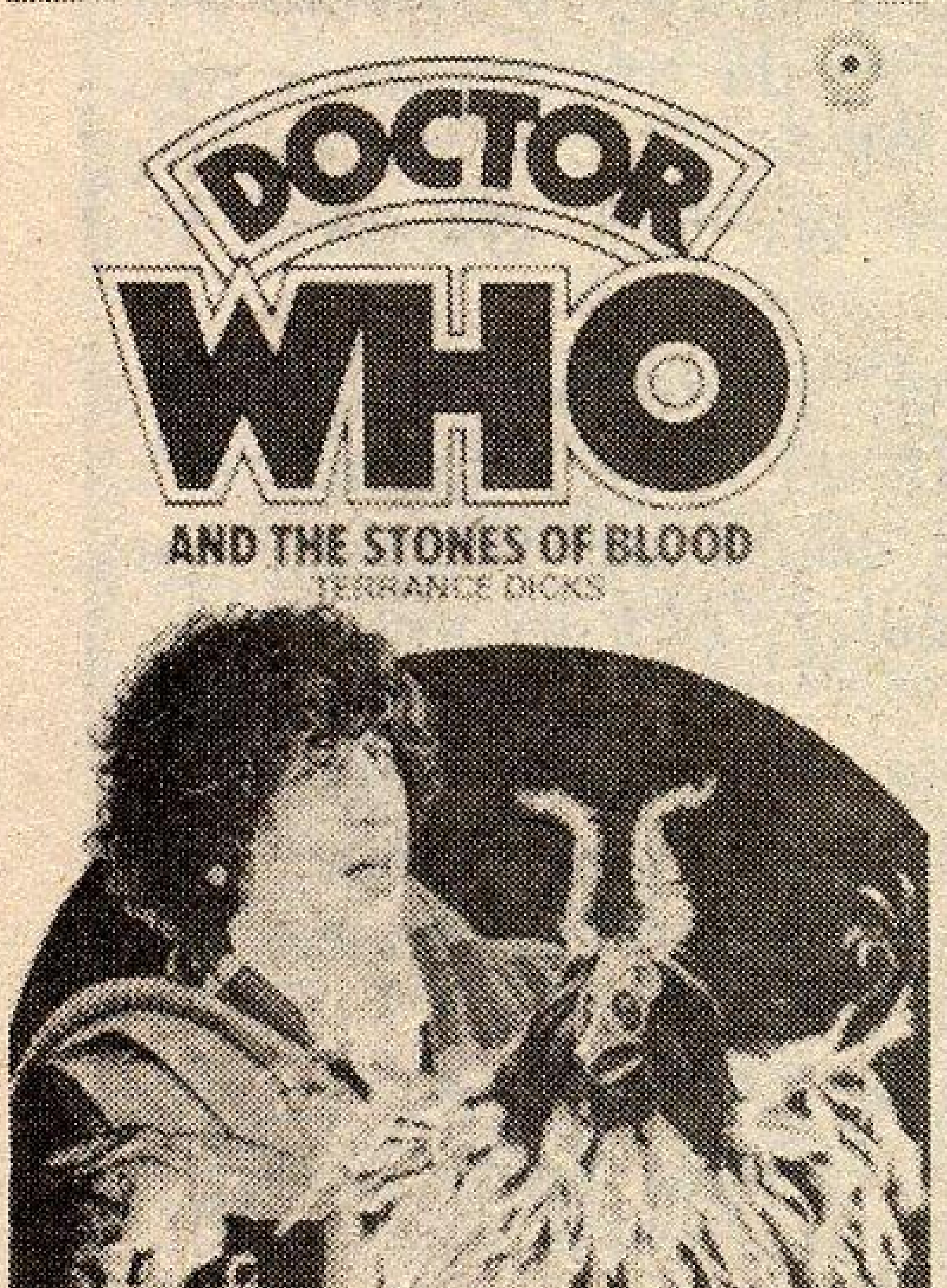
Bemused Earthlings looked on with disinterest as the creatures struggled over the vegetable, little realising the danger posed to their primitive world. Reliable sources are attributing this strange behaviour on the part of the Daleks to severe cauliflower shortages on the planet Skaro. Less informed experts think that the Earthlings' apathy was due, in the main, to ignorance. Gallifreyan experts in Dalek psychology are mystified as to why the creatures seemed oblivious to the presence of their most hated enemies – humans!

Agriculture

Greebel harvest time on Zeta VII begins star date 2116.b. Advance reports from passing travellers that the harvest was particularly excellent next year and prosperity is due at that time.

The latest from Target

March 20th saw the publication of a new Doctor Who paperback book from Target Books, the company responsible for the formidable run of 47 Doctor Who paperbacks. The new book sells at 75p and is adapted by Terrence Dicks from the 1978 tv serial *The Stones of Blood* by David Fisher.



At the same time, Target re-issued *Doctor Who and the Claws of Axos, Doctor Who and the Brain of Morbius* and *Doctor Who and the Invisible Enemy*.

Traffic report

Reports indicate that an area of Earth called Britain has been invaded by a general named William the Conquerer at around 1066. Advise avoid where possible.

The fifth Doctor

There have been four incarnations of the Doctor, right? Wrong! There have been five. Name them.
a) William Hartnell. b) Patrick Troughton. c) Jon Pertwee, d) Tom Baker. And e) Peter Cushing from the two Amicus films, DOCTOR WHO AND THE DALEKS and DALEK INVASION EARTH–2150AD.

Scarves unlimited

A question that is often asked is: "Just how long is the Doctor's scarf?"

Well, the official story is that it is around 10 feet long, knitted – so we were told in the episode *The Ark in Space* – by Madame Nostradamus. Whether this story is strictly accurate or just the Doctor's sense of humour is difficult to tell.

In reality the scarf actually changes lengths. When indoors the scarf is shorter than its outdoor counterpart. How does it work? We'll explain that after you grasp the reasons behind the fact that the TARDIS is larger inside than out. Fair enough?

Weather

Due to a high pressure ridge in the Vale Nebula, cosmic storms are expected in that region. Time travellers are advised to avoid the area whereever possible. The rest of segment 44 of the galaxy should be clear and bright with only occasional meteor showers and the chance of solar wind, force 24, in exposed places.

The Who tune

Judging from the letters we receive from our readers, it is a common belief that the DR WHO music, as seen at the beginning of each week's episode has been the same since the days of William Hartnell. Not so. Just like the title graphics it too has changed with the times.

The original theme was composed by Ron Grainer and written down on music score paper. A lady called Delia Derbyshire took that score down to the BBC Rapiophonic workshop at Maida Vale, London and constructed the theme by a combination of rearranged electronic sounds slowed down and notes played on a piano. That became the original DR WHO theme as heard on the very first DOCTOR WHO episode, *An Unearthly Child*. Today you can hear that original theme on the BBC Records album *Radiophonic Workshop – 21 Years* (REC 354). That tape was then used to dub the music onto the beginning and end of each episode. As the months went on, however, so the tape would wear, until eventually it would be sent back to the Radiophonic Workshop who would then be asked to do a new master tape. Every so often whomsoever worked on that tape would be tempted to rearrange the theme (usually at the request of the Producer) and so subtle variations would be worked in. For example the theme used during Jon Pertwee's era had a lot of "electronic spangles" added to it.

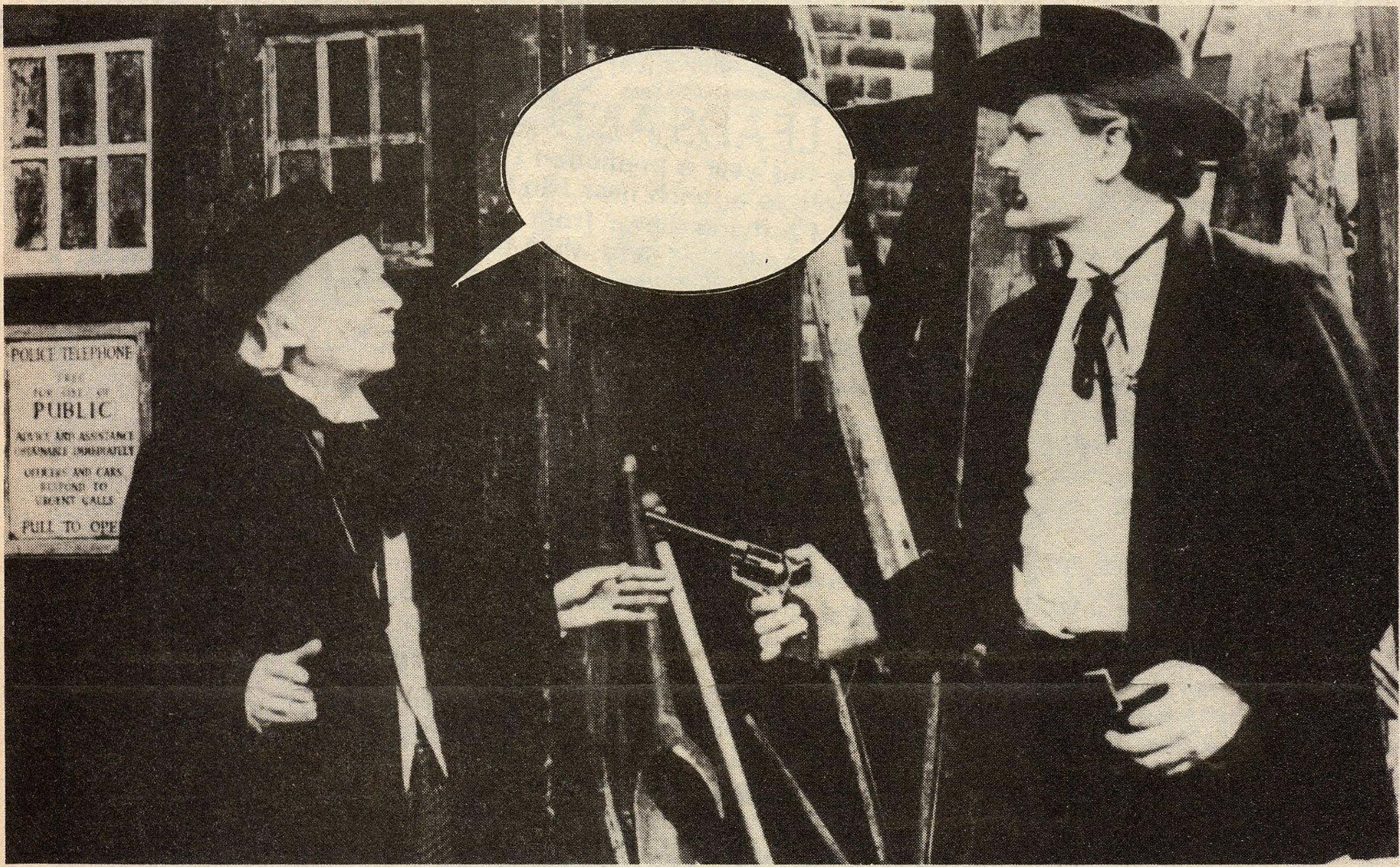
Only once was serious thought ever given towards composing an entirely new theme for DR WHO. This was in 1972 during planning for the season beginning with the classic *The Three Doctors* story. A completely electronic theme, done on a synthesiser, was composed, arranged and put onto a master tape and was all ready for dubbing onto the edited episodes when, at the last minute, the Producer elected to return to the old theme. If you saw the preview for *The Three Doctors*, screened at 9.25 p.m on the Wednesday night before the first episode you might have caught a snatch of that electronic theme (yes a few copies did go through). Australia too heard it during episode two of *The Carnival of Monsters*. The episode, as sent out to ABC TV by BBC Enterprises, had the new theme actually at the beginning of the episode even though the original Ron Grainer music was present on the end.

CRAZY CAPTION 28

£5 TO BE WON!

Welcome to yet another of our great, zany crazy caption competitions. Old hands at this game will know that all you have to do is think of the funniest line you can, to go with the empty speech balloon. (25 words or less), and you could win £5! Ten signed colour photos of Tom Baker as the Doctor will go to the ten runners-up. Send your entries **on postcards only** – postmarked no later than 27th April, to us at:

CRAZY CAPTION 28,
Marvel Comics, Jadwin House,
205-211 Kentish Town Road,
London NW5.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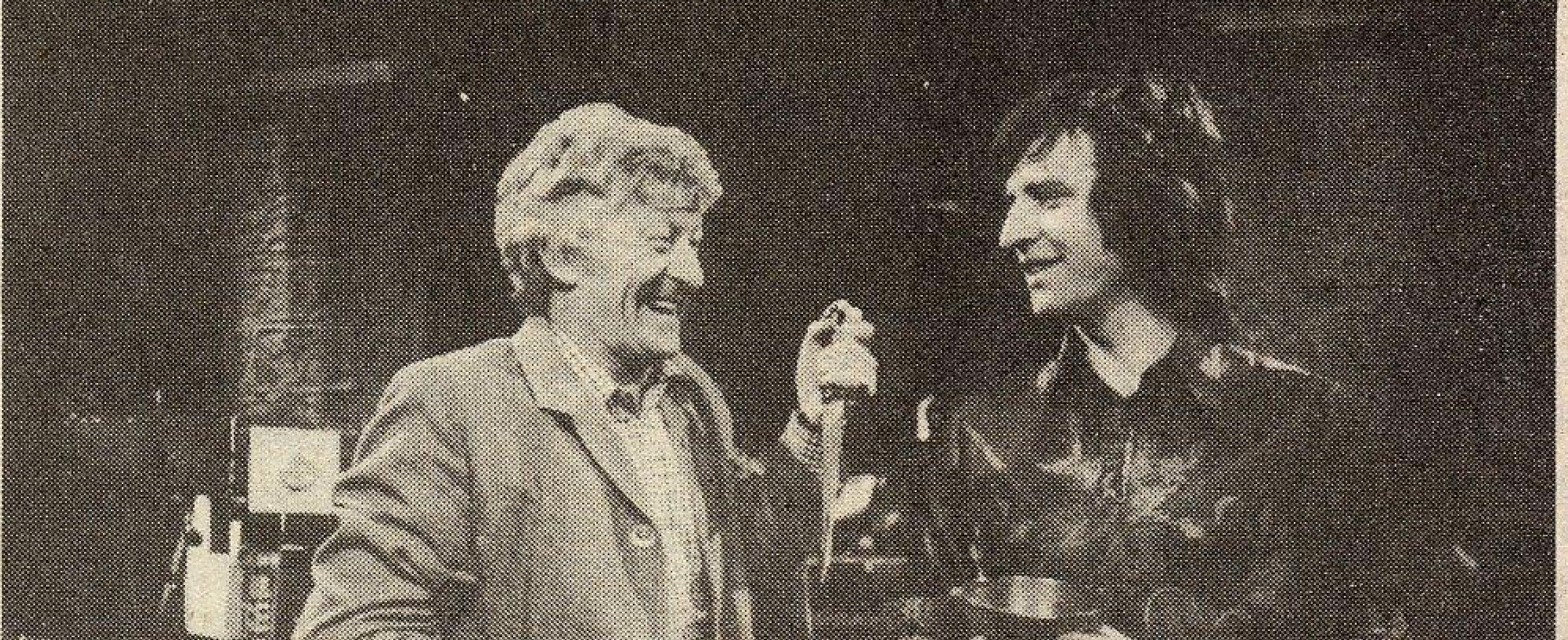
RESULTS OF CRAZY CAPTION NUMBER 22

THE WINNER:

Gary Price from Oldbury, wins £5 for his caption printed right:


WHO'S 'ED GOES IN THE STEWPOT?

Signed colour photos of Tom Baker as the Doctor have gone to the ten runners-up:

Christopher Hockley from Swansea;
Robert Reeve from Ilford;
Richard Barrett from Olney;
Stephen Nottingham from Beaconsfield;
David Devine from Glasgow;
James Ponton from Chalfont St Peter;
Paul Emery from Welwyn Garden City;
Sean Phelan from Westgate;
Richard Phillips from Blackburn;
Lee Cartmell from Havant.

FANTASTIC FACTS

OUT OF THE FRYING PAN...

In the summer of 1977 a man who went fishing in the Rio Negro, Brazil caught his line in the branches of a tree. In his attempts to free it he disturbed a nest of ferocious bees which attacked him in a swarm. Thinking quickly, he jumped into the water and escaped their furious attack. Unfortunately, this attracted the attention of a shoal of deadly piranha fish which ate the poor angler alive!

FALSE LEADS AND FLYING SAUCERS

In February this year a prediction on Brazilian television brought 50,000 people to a ranch near Rio de Janeiro, all eagerly awaiting the arrival of a flying saucer from the planet Jupiter. There were angry scenes and terrific jams when the spacemen did not land.

NEAR MISS

On the 10th August 1974, thousands of people in the USA saw what they took to be a flying saucer streaking across the sky. The event was observed by a US Air Force weather satellite which showed the alien invader to be a huge meteor, estimated to weigh around 1,000 tons. It was travelling at a speed of 33,000 mph and missed our planet by a mere 36 miles. The destructive power of such a body is unimaginable. Astronomers calculate that, on average, meteors of this size and larger collide with Earth once every 25,000 years.

MADE IN JAPAN

Scientists in Japan have invented artifical blood which has already been used successfully in more than 50 emergency cases and many experimental trials. The "blood" has no blood group so it can be used on anybody, it is even acceptable to Jehovah's Witnessess who normally refuse blood transfusions on religious grounds.

SACRED SWIMMING

If you can't swim you will never be able to visit the Ghaibnath Siva Temple near Sultanganj, India. It is situated on an island in the River Ganges and is considered to be so sacred that worshippers are forbidden to approach it except by swimming.

ATOMIC SPIDERS

Michael King, a forestry worker at Drigg, Cumbria claims to have discovered a clearing in the forest where, amid extremely lush and quick-growing vegetation, there are giant spiders — "very brightly coloured — blue, red and yellow" which spin webs "like steel". The area was once used as a dump for low-level radioactive waste from Windscale atomic power station.

BIRD'S NEST SOUP

In various parts of the Far East men risk life and limb climbing cliffs in search of the nests of a small oriental swift. It is not the birds nor their eggs but the actual nests which are so keenly sought, for these are the bird's nests of which the famous chinese soup is made. And what does this great delicacy taste of? Well, experts tell us that the very finest bird's nest soup is *absolutely tasteless.*

TINY TROUBLE

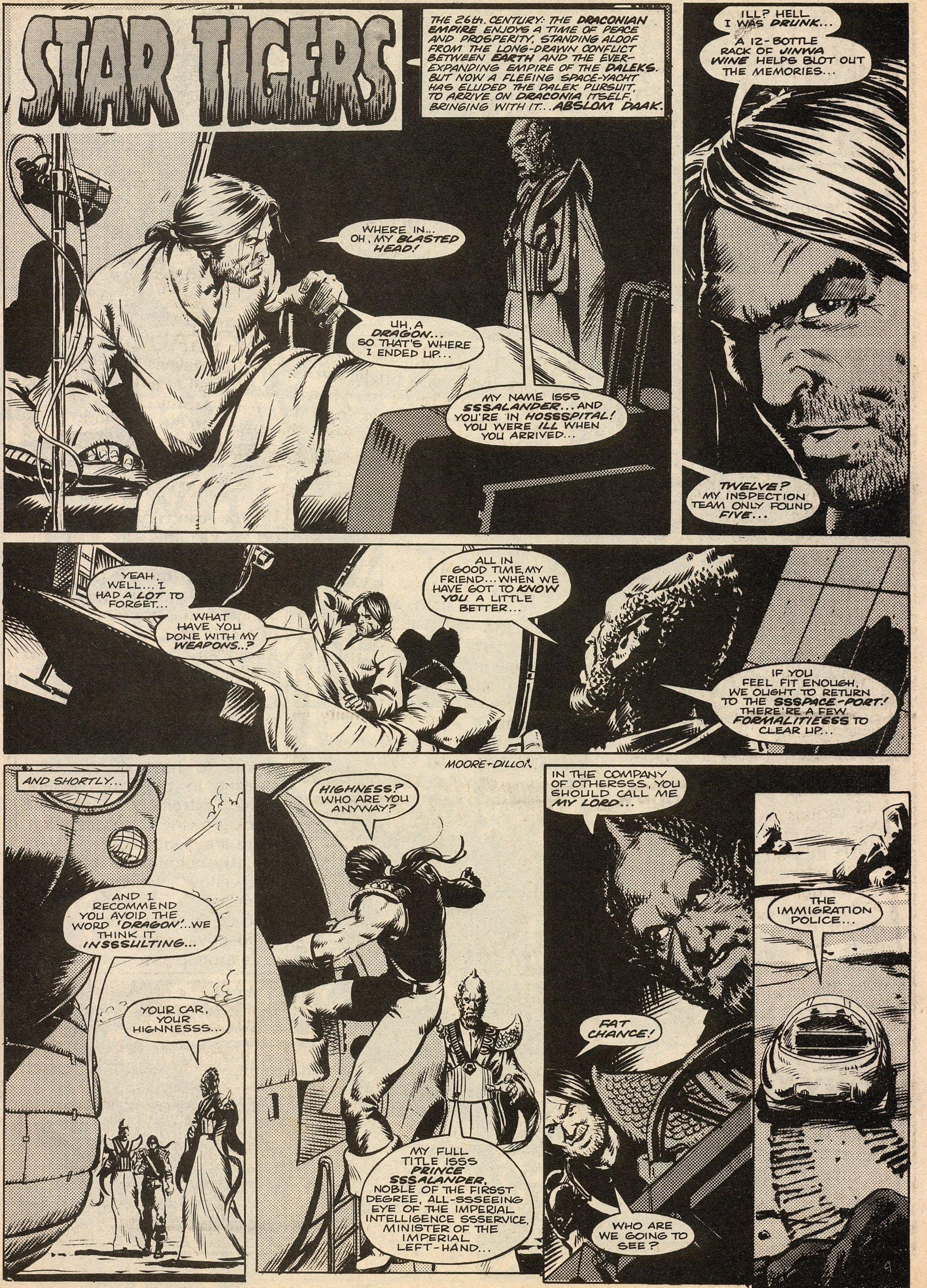
Surgeons in Cape Town, South Africa recently conducted one of the strangest eye operations of all time. A tiny seed had lodged in the left eye of an eight-year-old boy and had begun to sprout!

MYSTERY DANCE

No-one has ever seen the dances of the Bedouin women of the Sinai peninsula, not even themselves. They dance only on pitch-dark nights when there is no moon and the stars are hidden by clouds.

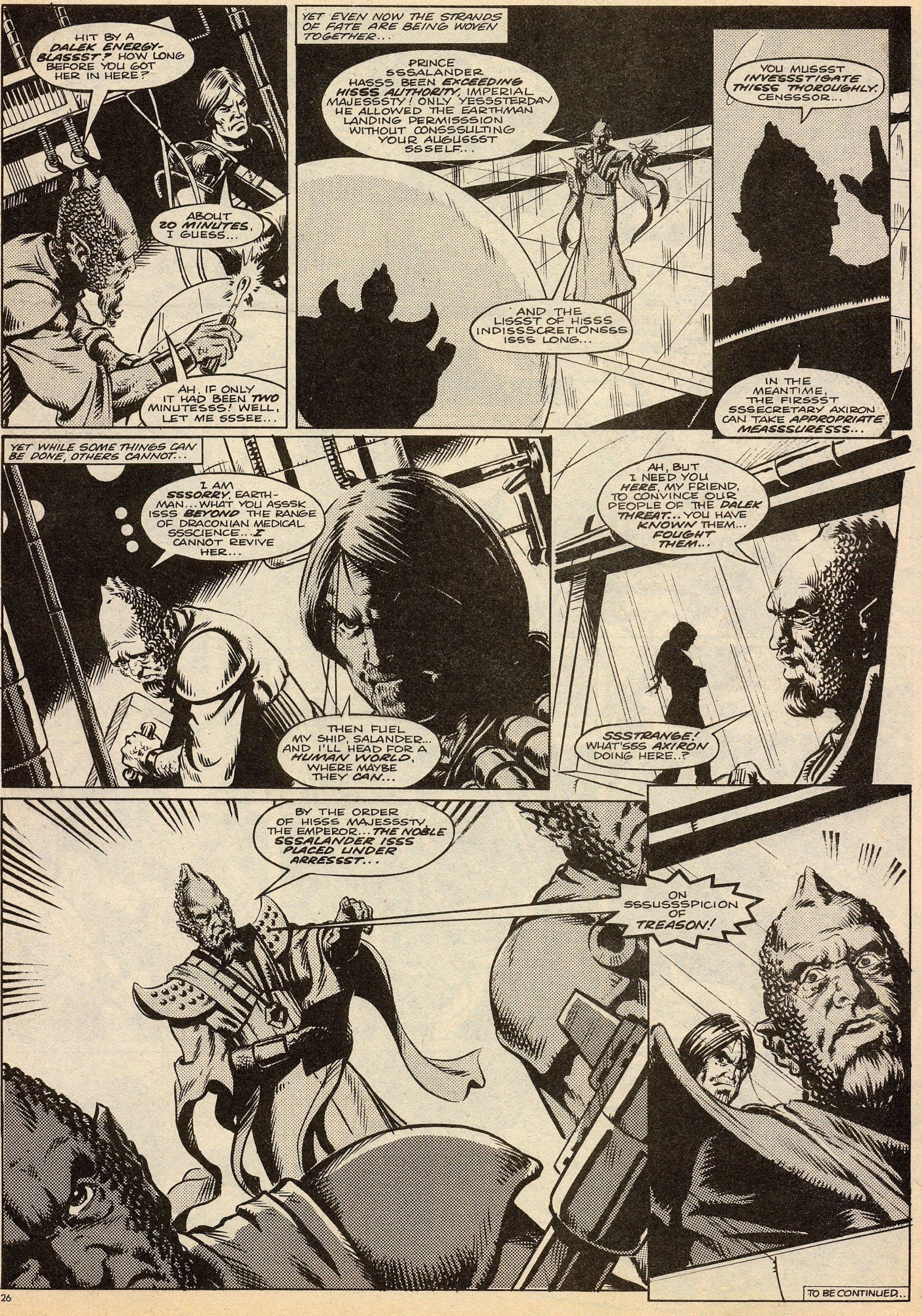
FLASHY FISHING

The Anomalopidae or "Flashlight fishes" live in the depths of the ocean where little light penetrates so they have evolved their own headlamps. Just beneath each eye is an organ filled with luminous bacteria, which gives the fish enough light to be able to see by when hunting plankton at night. This has an obvious disadvantage, to any larger fish the little green lights are as good as a neon sign saying "food — this way to the tasty flashlight fish". So the clever little flashlight fish has a mechanism similar to an eyelid with which it covers up its headlamp whenever danger approaches. They also use this mechanism to flash signals to each other, in what looks like a fishy version of the Morse Code. (Perhaps it is the Morse Cod).

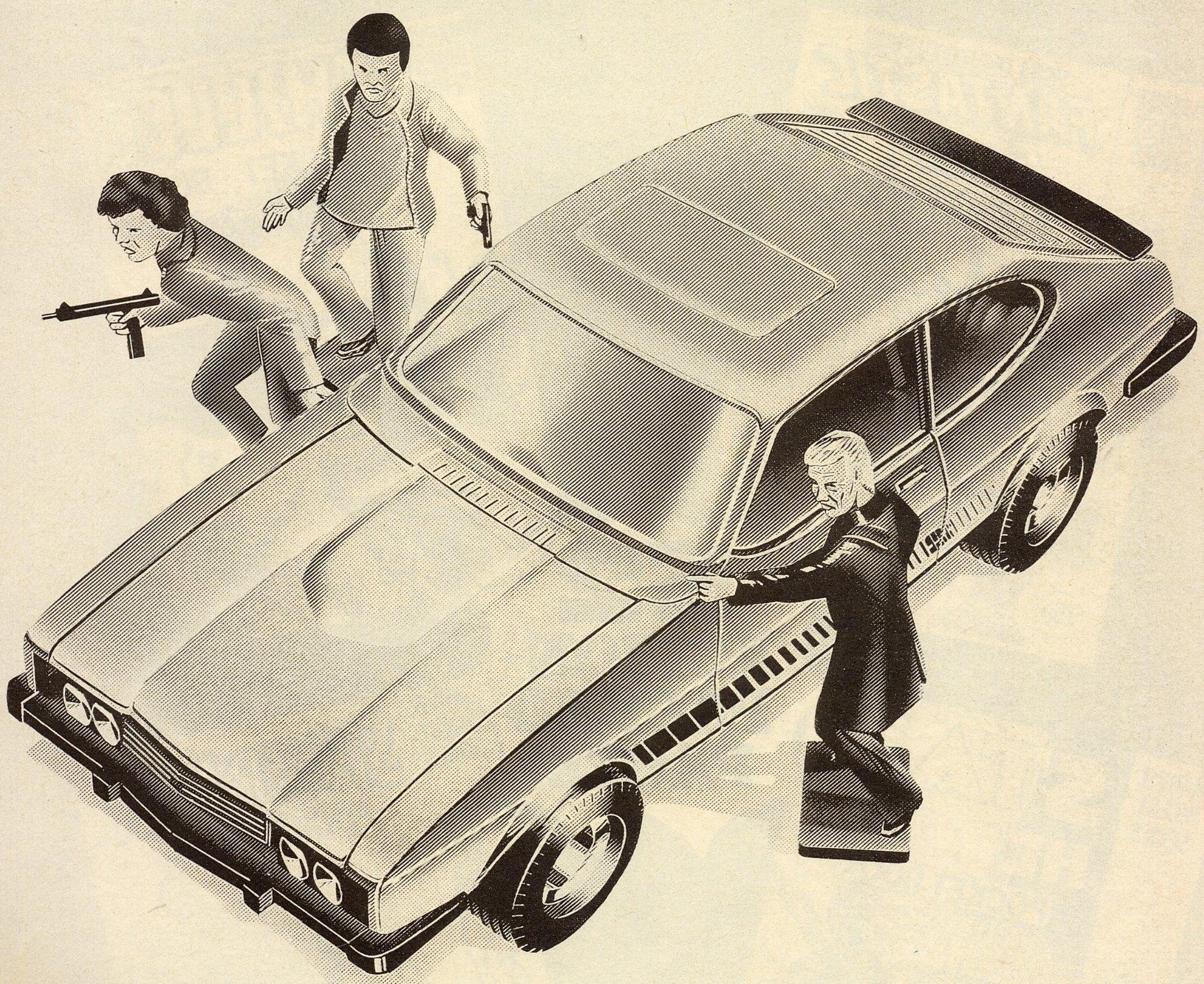

STAR TIGERS
THE 26th. CENTURY: THE DRACONIAN EMPIRE ENJOYS A TIME OF PEACE AND PROSPERITY, STANDING ALOOF FROM THE LONG-DRAWN CONFLICT BETWEEN EARTH AND THE EVER-EXPANDING EMPIRE OF THE DALEKS. BUT NOW A FLEEING SPACE-YACHT HAS ELUDED THE DALEK PURSUIT, TO ARRIVE ON DRACONIA ITSELF, BRINGING WITH IT... ABSLOM DAAK.
WHERE IN... OH, MY BLASTED HEAD!
UH, A DRAGON... SO THAT'S WHERE I ENDED UP...
MY NAME ISSS SSSALANDER... AND YOU'RE IN HOSSSPITAL! YOU WERE ILL WHEN YOU ARRIVED...
ILL? HELL I WAS DRUNK...
A 12-BOTTLE RACK OF JINWA WINE HELPS BLOT OUT THE MEMORIES...
TWELVE? MY INSPECTION TEAM ONLY FOUND FIVE...
YEAH, WELL... I HAD A LOT TO FORGET...
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH MY WEAPONS..?
ALL IN GOOD TIME, MY FRIEND... WHEN WE HAVE GOT TO KNOW YOU A LITTLE BETTER...
IF YOU FEEL FIT ENOUGH, WE OUGHT TO RETURN TO THE SSSPACE-PORT! THERE'RE A FEW FORMALITIESSS TO CLEAR UP...
MOORE+DILLON
AND SHORTLY...
AND I RECOMMEND YOU AVOID THE WORD 'DRAGON'... WE THINK IT INSSSULTING...
YOUR CAR, YOUR HIGNNESSS...
HIGHNESS? WHO ARE YOU ANYWAY?
MY FULL TITLE ISSS PRINCE SSSALANDER, NOBLE OF THE FIRSST DEGREE, ALL-SSSEEING EYE OF THE IMPERIAL INTELLIGENCE SSSERVICE, MINISTER OF THE IMPERIAL LEFT-HAND...
IN THE COMPANY OF OTHERSSS, YOU SHOULD CALL ME MY LORD...
FAT CHANCE!
WHO ARE WE GOING TO SEE?
THE IMMIGRATION POLICE...
9

AND SO...
NOW, YOU ARE FROM EARTH, AND YOUR NAME ISSS ABSSSLOM DAK!
DAAK... LIKE IN QUARK...
HMM... AND YOUR OCCUPATION?
I KILL DALEKS...
YOU... KILL DALEKS?
SURE, THEY EXILED ME TO MAZAM TO WIPE OUT THE DALEKS THERE* ...AND WHEN I'D FINISHED, I HEADED HERE...
*AS SEEN IN DWW 17-20 -ED.
YOU DID THISSS ON YOUR OWN?
AND WHAT DID YOU DO BEFORE YOUR EXILE?
I KILLED PEOPLE...
YES...QUITE! ARE YOU THE OWNER OF THISSS SSSPACE-YACHT?
NO...IT BELONGS TO PRINCESS TAIYIN OF MAZAM...
PRINCESSSS? I DON'T UNDERSSTAND THE WORD, MY LORD...
IT'SSS THE FEMININE OF PRINCE... FEMALESSS HAVE EQUAL SSSTATUSSS AMONG HUMANSSS ... EVEN NOBLESSS...
ISSS SHE ABOARD?
SURE...
WHY DIDN'T YOU SSSAY SSSO BEFORE?
IT ISSS SHE I SHOULD BE INTERVIEWING, NOT A MERE PILOT!
AND SHORTLY, AT THE SPACE FIELD...
I ASSSUME SHE'SSS IN THE LOCKED COMPARTMENT ...OUR TEAM HAVEN'T OPENED THAT YET...
THAT'S RIGHT, DRAG...
BUT THERE'S ONE THING I FORGOT TO TELL YOU ABOUT...
SHE'S DEAD...

I GOT HER INTO THE **CRYOGENIC FREEZER-UNIT** AS QUICKLY AS I COULD...
SO WHEN YOU'RE THROUGH WITH **QUESTION-TIME**, I WANT TO SEE A MEDIC ABOUT **REVIVING** HER...
ALL THISSS **FUSSSS** ABOUT A **MERE FEMALE**...
THAT'S NO **MERE FEMALE**... THAT'S A **PRINCESS**...
AND DON'T YOU **FORGET** THAT...
FISH-HEAD!!
CALM YOURSSSELF, ABSSSLOM DAAK...WE'LL GET YOU A DOCTOR...
COME...NO MORE QUESSSTIONSSS NOW...
GOOD... I'LL SEE YOU HERE LATER, SALANDER...
MEANWHILE, SALANDER'S POLITICAL RIVAL, **AXIRON**, IS GOING ABOUT HIS BUSINESS...
CENSSSOR PRALISSS... I WISH YOU TO BRING AN **ACCUSATION** AGAINSSST SSSALANDER...
SSSALANDER? BUT HE'SSS ONE OF THE MOSSST **UPRIGHT** MINISSSTERSSS AT COURT...
DIRTY BUSINESS...
ON THE OTHER HAND HE DOESS SSSEEM TO HAVE **VILLIANOUSSS TENDENCIESS**..
BUT, ELSEWHERE...
THERE ISSS YOUR PATIENT, DR. ZORYNX...WE'RE RELYING ON YOU...
I'LL DO MY **BESSST**...BUT HUMAN ANATOMY ISSS **DIFFICULT** FOR A DRACONIAN DOCTOR...


HIT BY A DALEK ENERGY-BLASSST? HOW LONG BEFORE YOU GOT HER IN HERE?
ABOUT 20 MINUTES, I GUESS...
AH, IF ONLY IT HAD BEEN TWO MINUTESSS! WELL, LET ME SSSEE...
YET EVEN NOW THE STRANDS OF FATE ARE BEING WOVEN TOGETHER...
PRINCE SSSALANDER HASSS BEEN EXCEEDING HISSS AUTHORITY, IMPERIAL MAJESSSTY! ONLY YESSSTERDAY HE ALLOWED THE EARTHMAN LANDING PERMISSSION WITHOUT CONSSSULTING YOUR AUGUSSST SSSELF..
AND THE LISSST OF HISSS INDISSSCRETIONSSS ISSS LONG...
YOU MUSSST INVESSSTIGATE THISS THOROUGHLY, CENSSSOR...
IN THE MEANTIME, THE FIRSSST SSSECRETARY AXIRON CAN TAKE APPROPRIATE MEASSSURESSS...
YET WHILE SOME THINGS CAN BE DONE, OTHERS CANNOT...
I AM SSSORRY, EARTH-MAN... WHAT YOU ASSSK ISSS BEYOND THE RANGE OF DRACONIAN MEDICAL SSSCIENCE... I CANNOT REVIVE HER...
THEN FUEL MY SHIP, SALANDER... AND I'LL HEAD FOR A HUMAN WORLD, WHERE MAYBE THEY CAN...
AH, BUT I NEED YOU HERE, MY FRIEND, TO CONVINCE OUR PEOPLE OF THE DALEK THREAT... YOU HAVE KNOWN THEM... FOUGHT THEM...
SSSTRANGE! WHAT'SSS AXIRON DOING HERE..?
BY THE ORDER OF HISSS MAJESSSTY THE EMPEROR... THE NOBLE SSSALANDER ISSS PLACED UNDER ARRESSST...
ON SSSUSSSPICION OF TREASON!
TO BE CONTINUED..

The Professionals!



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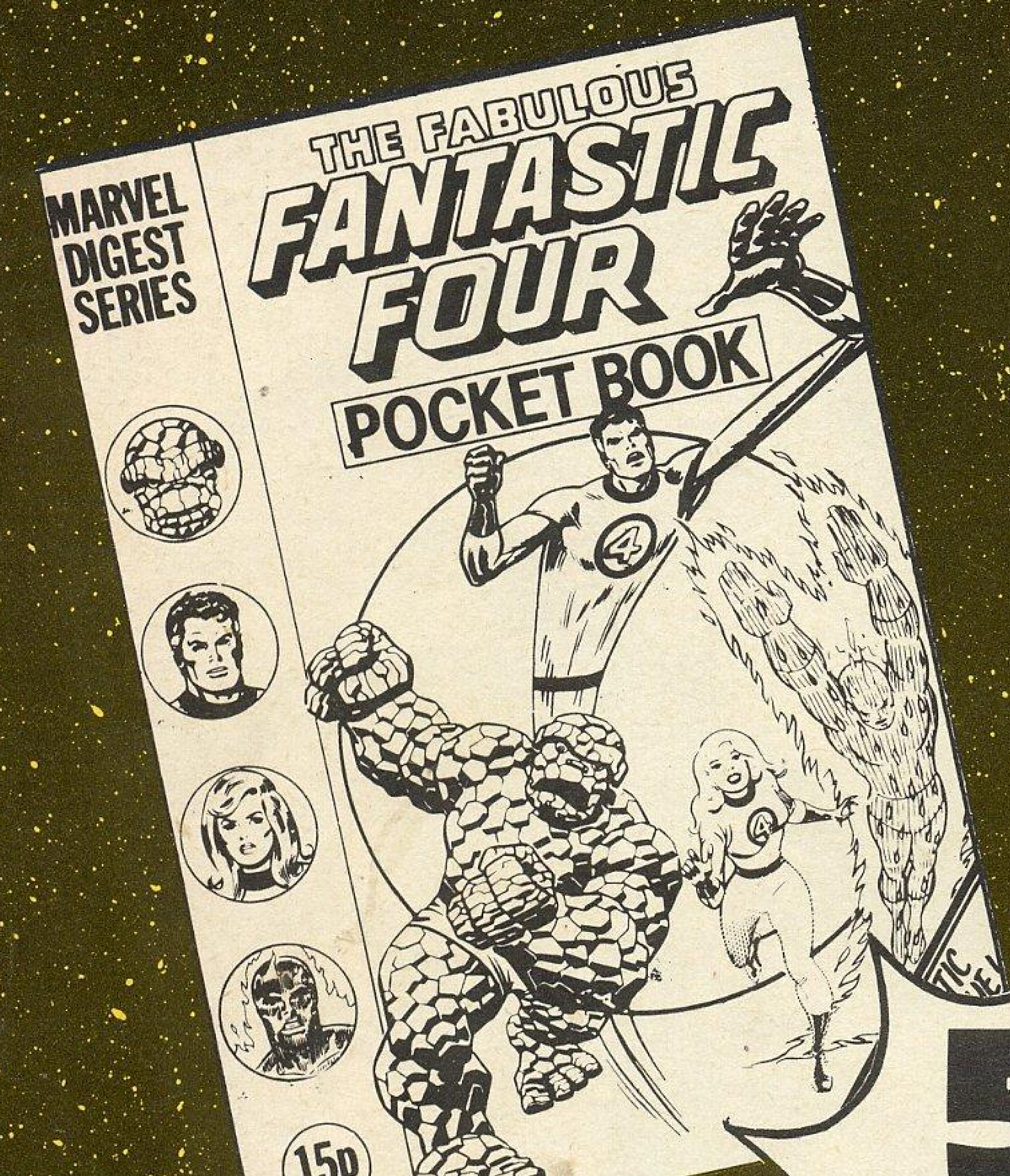
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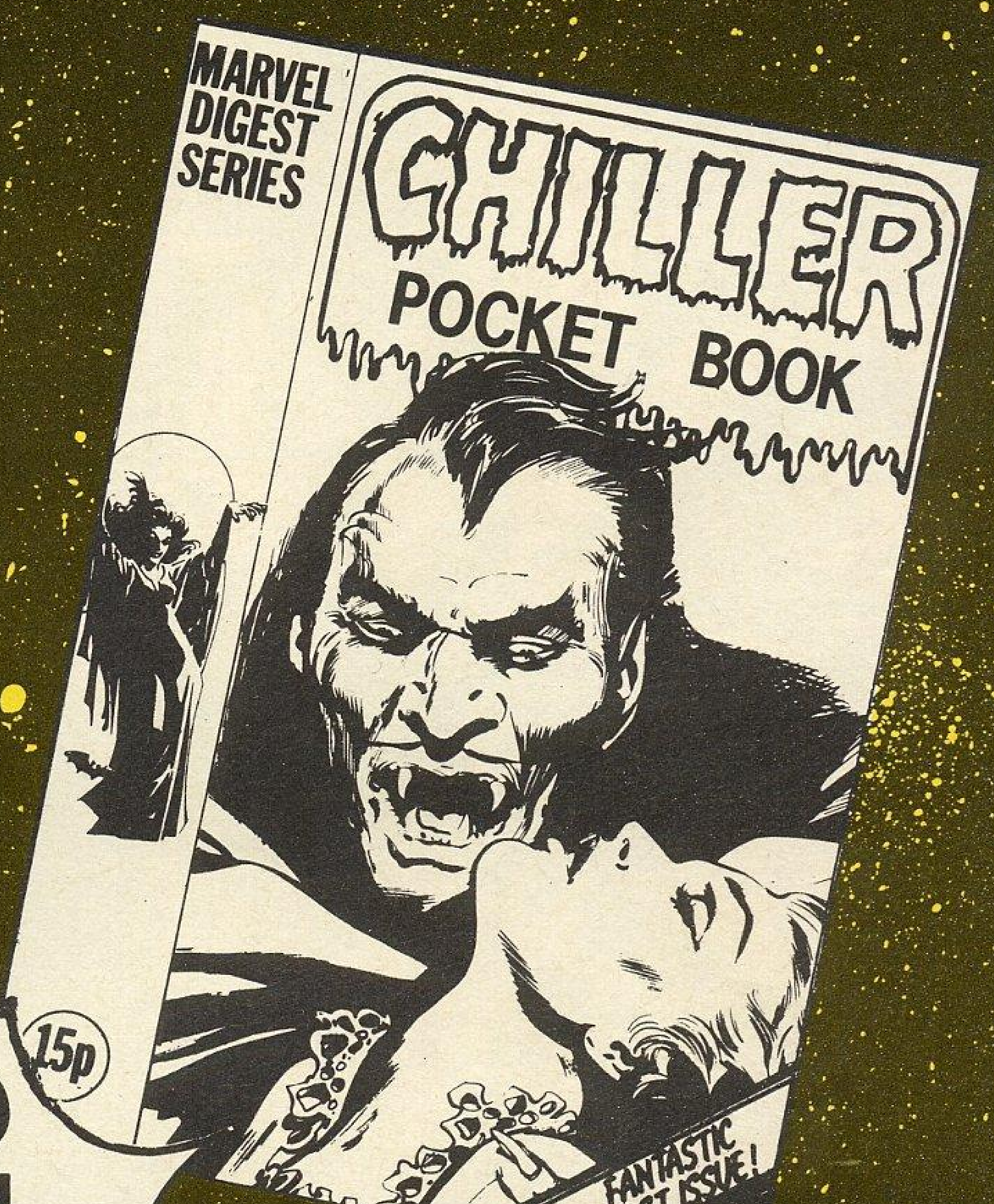
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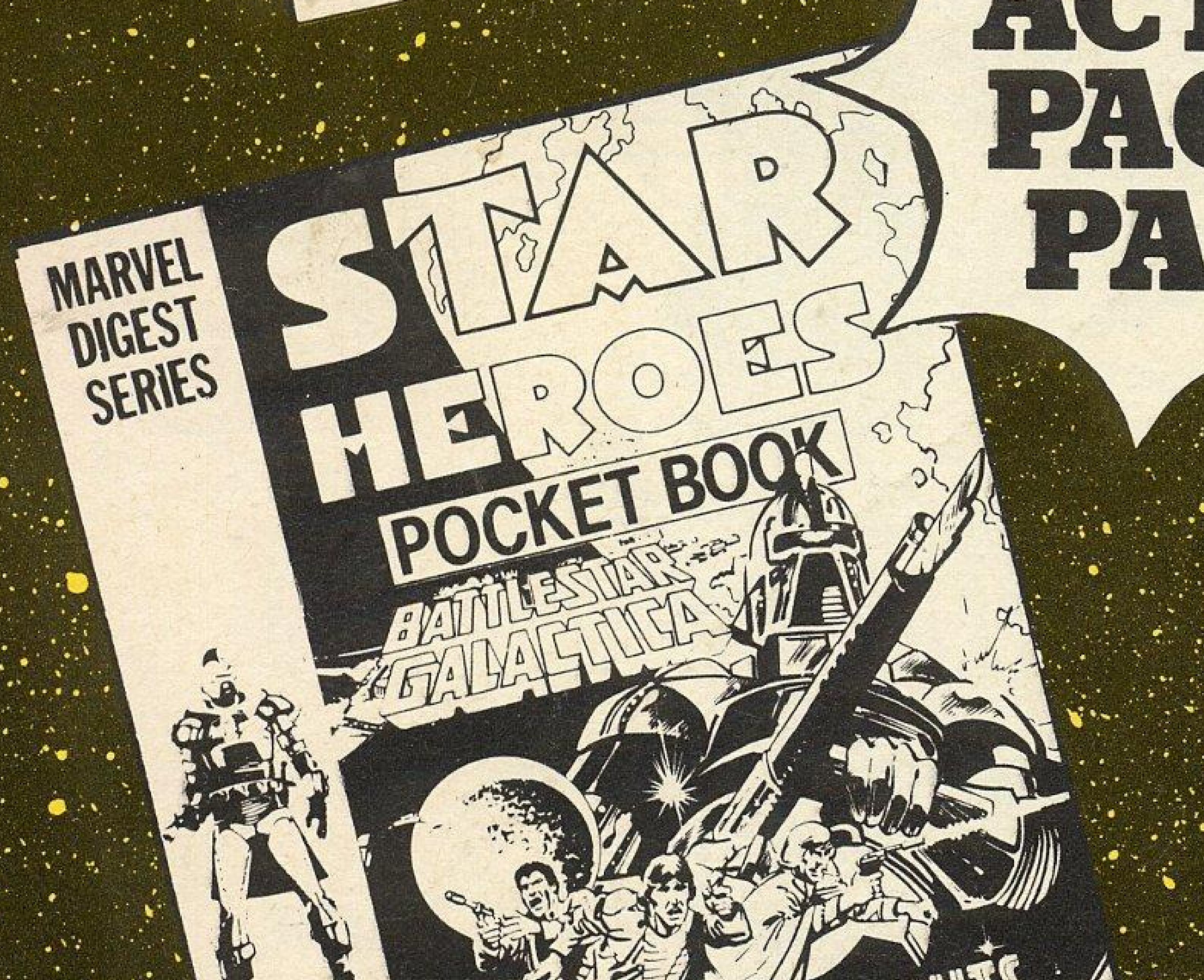
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